

CONTENTS.

1. Saul of Tarsus, . . . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> , . . . . .	131
2. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, . . . . .	<i>Hogg's Instructor</i> , . . . . .	147
3. Life and Poetry of Edgar Poe, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . .	157
4. Last Hours of Napoleon, . . . . .	<i>Sharpe's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	162
5. Bozzies, . . . . .	<i>Eliza Cook's Journal</i> , . . . . .	165
6. An Old-fashioned Swedish Wedding, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . .	168
7. Demetrius, the Impostor, . . . . .	<i>Athenæum</i> , . . . . .	174
8. Seventy-eight Years Ago, . . . . .	<i>Household Words</i> , . . . . .	178
9. The Well in the Wilderness, . . . . .	<i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , . . . . .	184
10. A Walk through a Mountain, . . . . .	<i>Household Words</i> , . . . . .	188
11. Law about Betting on Public Affairs, . . . . .	<i>Times</i> , . . . . .	192

POETRY : I do believe, 166 ; Loveliness in Death, 164 ; To an Absent Wife, 177 ; Spare my Heart from Growing Old ; Death, 183 ; Dawn, 187.

SHORT ARTICLES : Icebergs ; Declivity of Rivers, 161 ; Sale of Slaves in the Chinese Camp, 167 ; Statue of Mr. George Stephenson, 173 ; Reverend Ladies, 192.

NEW BOOKS : 166.

*Hand-Book of Universal Geography.* Edited by T. Carey Callicot. 12mo, pp. 856. Geo. P. Putnam & Co.

This is a new volume of Putnam's useful Home Cyclopedia, containing a gazetteer of the world. With the present rapid development of geographical knowledge, and the almost incredible changes that are daily taking place in national affairs, it is difficult to arrange a gazetteer which shall not, in some respects, prove to be behind the age, when it comes to appear before the public. We have a proof of this in the excellent volume now issued. Based on Johnston's Dictionary of Geography, it shows a good deal of independent research, and an evident desire for the attainment of accuracy by consulting various authorities. The pains-taking diligence necessary for the completion of such a work, and which can be fully appreciated only by those who have been engaged in similar undertakings, has evidently been practised by the accomplished editor. Still, several errors of detail have escaped his eye, many of which might have been avoided by a comparison of the most recent sources of information. For instance, under the head of Cambridge, we are told that Harvard University "has 27 professors or other instructors, and 53,000 volumes in its libraries." This is entirely wide of the mark. The editor must have relied on documents of a quite ancient date. It is singular that where perfect accuracy was so easily attainable, he should have fallen into such glaring errors in regard to the most prominent American literary institution. Instead of 27 instructors, Harvard College numbers on its catalogue 33

instructors, besides the president, professors *emeriti*, officers of the observatory and library, and of the steward's department, and proctors, amounting in the whole to 45 persons, omitting two professorships now vacant. Instead of "53,000 volumes in its libraries," the public Library contains 61,000 volumes, the Medical, Law, and Theological Libraries, over 19,000, and the Society Libraries of the students, 12,000, making a total of about 92,000 volumes. The number of alumni which Mr. Callicot reports at 5,546, of whom 1,406 have been ministers of the gospel, would be more correctly stated at 6,342, of whom 1,707 have been ministers. Under the head of the "United States" we find several statements which conflict with the most recent authorities. The exports are said to be \$151,898,720, and imports, \$178,138,318. But, according to the latest documents, the total exports were \$218,388,011, of which \$196,689,718 was domestic produce. The imports for the same period amounted to \$216,224,932. The number of steam frigates in the United States navy is made to be 15, which is too large a figure by at least 10. We notice several errors also in the statistics of foreign cities, especially in the population, which often varies from that given by the best recent tables, to such a degree, as, in this department, to make the Gazetteer rather an unsafe guide. The principal merit of the work consists in its great condensation, which enables the editor to compress an extraordinary amount of information within its pages, and the fulness with which it treats of American geography, especially on points that

have been neglected by the largest European gazetteers. With all the defects and inaccuracies to which we have alluded, it cannot fail to be a welcome addition to our standard works of reference. — *Tribune*.

### LOVE, HOPE, AND PATIENCE IN EDUCATION.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,  
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;  
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,  
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.  
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places  
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it — so  
Do these appear the little world below  
Of Education — Patience, Love, and Hope.  
Methinks, I see them grouped, in seemly show,  
The straightened arms upraised, the palms aslope,  
And robes that touching as adown they flow,  
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.  
O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,

Love too will sink and die.

But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive  
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;  
And bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,  
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,  
Woos back the fleeting spirit and half supplies —  
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to  
Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,

When overtasked at length  
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way,  
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,  
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,  
And both supporting does the work of both.

WE desire especially to commend these admirable lines to our readers. As a poem of its kind, it is well-nigh perfect, both in the conception and the execution. It is philosophy, sentiment, beauty, blended into one by the harmonious power of the imagination. As a study of poetical art, it requires, as all poetry of a high order, thoughtful and imaginative reading; and the power and beauty of it will reveal themselves on repeated perusal. It is, too, by virtue of its excellence as poetry, a moral as well as poetic study. Never by hand of heathen artist — sculptor or poet — never in marble or in pictured words, were Aglaia, Euphrosyne and Thalia shown in group more graceful, or attitude so august as these three Christian Graces. They are in-aged, not like Atlas stooping with bent neck beneath the "starry globe," but erect, "The straightened arms upraised, the palms aslope," appearing their burden. They stand, not like the nude pagan divinities, but draped with Christian modesty, the robes blending like "snow embossed in snow." This stationary beauty of sculpture changes to other imagery, to symbolize the course of the moral sentiments which are attendant on education. Hope is the first to faint, and the life of Love is so linked with hers that if Hope fail, "Love too will sink and die." There is a fine philosophy of the affections shown in the lines which tell of the subtle process by which Love finds in her own life the proof that Hope is not dead; and then the peculiar power of the imagination creates that second exquisite group — Love, "with soul-

transfusing eyes," bending over the fainting form of Hope and wooing her spirit back again. Last of all in this drama of education, you behold the third group — as beautiful and more awful — where Love and Hope, losing heart, would sink beneath the load, but that "the mute sister, Patience," stands "with a statue's smile, a statue's strength" — and "both supporting does the work of both."

This poem resembles in its philosophical vein the productions of some of the early English poets, but is superior to them in the better proportions of the poetic and philosophical elements — in the mastery which the imagination sustains over the metaphysical power. With all who know how to recognize and welcome Truth embodied in poetic creations, and arrayed in poetic garb — with all who look on poetry as a study, the poem, we are confident, will find favor. Especially may it be taken to heart by all who in any way have a duty of education — who, having to rule over "wayward childhood," are fain to look at the same time upon "the light of happy faces." The mother, in whose undying instincts towards her child the three Graces of education have the truest and most beautiful life — the school-mistress, ruling restless childhood — the teacher, who governs unruly boyhood, or guides early manhood — all are made to feel that Hope often sinks sadly down, and Love alone can win her fainting spirit back, and lastly, how Patience must needs do the all-sustaining work, when her two sorrowing sisters are drooping at her side. Not only for those who are charged with the education of youth is this apologue significant; it comes home to those, whose sacred function it is to lead their fellow-beings of every age — the old as well as the young — in the paths of righteousness and truth, and they who teach from the pulpit and from the altar-side have full cause to feel the need of the gracious presence of Love, Hope and Patience.

This poem may be new to many of the readers of Coleridge's poetry; the date of its composition we are not informed of; it appeared for the first time, we believe, in the edition of his poems prepared for the press by his daughter, the lamented Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge, and edited in 1852, by her and her brother the Rev. Derwent Coleridge. — *The Register*.

THE historian of the literature of the nineteenth century will not have occasion to lament the smallness, either in value, or perhaps in extent, of his materials. Already we have had Lives of Byron, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell, Cary, Jeffrey, &c. Lord John Russell is giving us the Memoir and Diaries of Moore; and one of the publications of the present year, though as yet not publicly announced, will be a Life (though a brief one) of William Lisle Bowles — containing his early correspondence with Coleridge. Both Southey and Coleridge, it will be remembered, were constant in the acknowledgment of the debt of obligation which their early verse was under to the muse of Bowles. The Life of the Vicar of Bremhill, though not a stirring one, was far from devoid of interest, and in good hands will doubtless form a pleasing picture of pastoral and poetic life. — *Athenaeum*.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *The Life and Epistles of St. Paul: comprising a complete Biography of the Apostle, and a Translation of his Letters, inserted in Chronological Order.* By the Rev. W. J. CONYBEARE, M. A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Rev. J. S. HOWSON, M. A., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool. With Illustrations by W. H. BARTLETT. 2 vols. 4to. London: 1850-1852.
2. *The Life and Epistles of St. Paul.* By THOMAS LEWIN, M. A., of Trinity College, Oxford. 2 vols. post 8vo. London: 1851.
3. *Der Apostel Paulus.* Von KARL SCHRADER. 6 vols. 8vo. Leipzig: 1830-1836.
4. *Pflanzung u. Leitung der Christlichen Kirche durch die Apostel.* Dritter Abschnitt: die Ausbreitung des Christenthums und Grundung der Christlichen Kirche durch die Wirksamkeit des Apostels Paulus. [*Planting and Training of the Christian Church by the Apostles.* Third Part: The Propagation of Christianity and Foundation of the Christian Church by the Agency of the Apostle Paul.] Von DR. AUGUST NEANDER. 4th edition. Pp. 134-152. Hamburg: 1847.
5. *The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul, &c.* By JAMES SMITH, Esq., of Jordan Hill, F. R. S., &c. London: 1848.

WE see every reason to hail the kind of attention which is now being bestowed on the study and illustration of the New Testament Scriptures. Those fruits of collateral inquiry which the last age erroneously denominated the *evidences* of Christianity, while they are now gathered in tenfold abundance, are called by their right names, and ranged in their proper places. The more accurate philological study of the Greek language,—the light which the researches of Niebuhr and others have let in upon the contemporary and earlier history,—the multiplied facilities for travel, and the advanced intelligence of travellers,—have contributed to increase our means of confirming and illustrating the evangelic record. On the other hand, we cannot but think that a deeper insight into the character of Christianity itself has led us to give all such accessories their true importance, and no more. The stranger may gaze with wonder at the far-stretching outworks and bastions of the fortress; but he who dwells within, knows that its strength is not only, nor chiefly, in these.

The reader who feels the force of our last remark, will have no difficulty in joining us in the assumption, with which we shall pro-

ceed to the consideration of the works mentioned at the head of this article.

We assume, that it was the Divine intention to reveal a religion, which should suffice for the moral and intellectual elevation of ALL MANKIND; which, laying its foundations in individual convictions, should clear and exalt the conscience, purify the affections, ennoble the intellect; while, at the same time, it disclosed a hope common to all men, and capable of sustaining under every possible trial of humanity. We assume, further, that *this religion was Christianity*. And we are thus led to the contemplation of definite historical facts. Christianity was introduced into the world at a certain time, and under certain circumstances. Can we, by examination of the state of mankind at the time, perceive any remarkable preparations for the assumed work which Christianity had to accomplish? Periods of this world's history may be conceived, singularly *unfitted* for the promulgation of a religion which was to take general hold on mankind. Does the period of the promulgation of Christianity present any remarkable contrast to these!

Again: if it was the intention of the All-wise to bring the whole of mankind under one bond of union, we might imagine that there would be visible in history some traces of previous preparation; that amidst the wars of states, and the conflict of opinions, we should find some advance made towards the possibility and efficacy of such a blending of both, as was destined hereafter to take place. Nay, we may go farther than this. Excluding mere chance from any part in the arrangement of man's world, we may fairly say *a priori*, that we might expect to find some adaptations in local circumstances themselves, to the end which was to be answered. Situations might be conceived, which should be most *adverse* to the accomplishment of the end assumed. Was Christianity introduced in *those* situations, or in others of a very different character?

Again, if Christianity is to be founded in individual convictions, the weapon of its warfare, above all others, must be *persuasion*; and in order to persuasion, there must be *one able to persuade*. Do we find any provision made for such a persuader? The work will be no ordinary nor easy one. The conflicting elements of the ancient social system could never be amalgamated, but by one specially and unusually prepared for the task.

The hierarchical prejudice of the Jew, the intellectual pride of the Greek, the political preëminence of the Roman, would present insuperable obstacles to any man who was not capable of entering into and dealing with each, not as extraneous to himself, but as a part of his own character and personality. And more than this. The religion of Christ was, from each of these elements, itself in danger. It might become hierarchical and Judaistic, or philosophic and Grecian, or might lose its great characteristics in the political liberalism of Rome. It would need one singularly fitted by education and temperament, to mark boldly and keenly the outlines of the faith to be preached; who, while he recognized the legitimacy of the Judaistic and Grecian elements in Christianity, and laid down the canons of civil and political conformity, might yet be under exclusive subjection to none of these, but able to wield and attemper them all.

Have we any traces of the preparation of a workman for such a work? Does any appear on the stage of the early Christian period, answering to these unusual and difficult requirements? Can we find any person able, at that time of strange complication and difficulty, to carry out all men's religion among all men?

Our readers will excuse us for entering somewhat into these questions, and endeavoring popularly to state the resolution of them with which Providence, in the course of history, has furnished us. They will thus be better able to appreciate the nature of the service which has been rendered to the Christian world by the authors whose works are mentioned at the head of the present article.

Mr. Howson strikingly remarks (p. 4), "The city of God was built at the confluence of three civilizations." The Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, had each borne their part in the preparation of the world for the Gospel. "They were" (it is the saying of Dr. Arnold, *Life*, ii. 413, 2nd edition) "the three peoples of God's election: two for things temporal, one for things eternal. Yet even in the things eternal they were allowed to minister: Greek cultivation, and Roman polity, prepared men for Christianity."

The first pages of the father of history are devoted to tracing the original quarrels and reprisals between the inhabitants of the opposite coasts of Europe and Asia. And if ever two continents were designed for intercourse, these surely were. The Grecian or Asiatic fisherman could hardly sail out from the beach of his native creek without being tempted onward by the blue islands in the distance, which, like so many stepping-stones to another land, stud the waters of the Ægean. Adventure in the early ages was inseparable from piracy: and as villages

banded into states, and states into confederacies, piracy became war, and war brought national glory. Thus the first undying song celebrates the expedition of the confederate Greeks to Troy in reprisal for the rape of Helen. Nor should the commercial element in this early intercourse be forgotten; nor the important fact, that one article of commerce was the *persons of men*. The principal trading cities were Tyre and Sidon: and we have in the prophecy of Joel (whose most probable date is as far back as the ninth century, B. C.\*) a distinct charge against the Tyrians and Sidonians, that they had "sold the children of Judah and Jerusalem to the sons of the Grecians; that they might remove them far from their border." Thus we have the Jew at a very early period carried into Greece, and introduced into Grecian families; and the first nucleus formed of that vast dispersion, which we witness in subsequent history. The captivities, first of Israel, then of Judah, can hardly fail to have driven westward, through Asia Minor and the Greek colonies, some scattered portions of the main bodies of captives. And doubtless the breakup of the great remnant of Xerxes' army under Mardonius added considerably to the number of Jews in Greece. Mr. Howson has remarked (vol. i. p. 18), that about the time of the battles of Salamis and Marathon, a Jew was the minister, another Jew the cup-bearer, and a Jewess the consort of the Persian monarch. Great indeed must have been the number of Jews settled throughout the East.† The small gleanings which returned with Ezra and Nehemiah was as nothing compared with those who remained contented in the land of exile. Asia was full of Jews. On the coast and in the islands of the Ægean, along the Asiatic, European and African sides, we find Jews and their synagogues. By trade for themselves, or by the policy of their patrons and conquerors, they had been thickly planted in their chief rising seats of civilization and commerce. In Antioch, Alexandria, Cyrene, Corinth, Athens, Thessalonica, and many other well-known cities, we hear of Hebrew settlements more or less considerable in number.

\* See the various opinions given and discussed by Winer, *Realwörterbuch*, sub voce.

† Joel iii. 6, (Heb. iv. 6.) The words are יְהוּדִים יָבִיא.

‡ Mr. Blackburn refers to the residence of Ezekiel in Assyria, that the mighty minister to the captive Jews settled by the river Chebar. He repeats, on the authority of Layard (*Nineveh and its Remains*), that the description by Ezekiel of the interior of the Assyrian palaces so completely corresponds with the monuments of Nimroud and Khorsabad, that there can scarcely be a doubt that Ezekiel had seen the objects which he describes.—the figures sculptured upon the wall and painted.—*Blackburn's Nineveh, its Rise and Ruin as illustrated by Ancient Scriptures and Modern Discoveries.*



Nor is it too much to say, that the influence of these widely dispersed Jews must have been everywhere felt. In the case of the Jew alone was religion bound to a law of moral purity. The Jew only had a conscience, in the better and higher sense.\* Everywhere a mystery to the surrounding heathen, despised by the cultivated and learned, he yet found his way into the bosom of households, and laid hold on those feelings after purity and truth, or even those weaknesses and pronenesses to superstition, which are common to the tender in age, or sex, or bodily constitution. We find, in some of the most renowned cities of the East, that a large proportion of the female inhabitants had embraced Judaism.† And allowing for every admixture of superstition and misunderstanding, there can be no doubt that better convictions, and a yearning after something more solid than Paganism, must be conceded to have operated widely on the proselyte class. Where such feelings existed, the way was being admirably prepared for a religion, which, founded on all that was true and permanent in Judaism, should yet winnow off the effete and temporary, and embody in itself, with yet loftier sanctions, all that was pure and good in it before.

But this was not always the character of the world-wide Judaism of the day. Regarding the conscientious "God-fearing" proselyte as the mean, we have, for our two extremes, Pharisaism and Hellenism.

The Pharisaic society formed a hierarchico-political combination only equalled in efficiency and influence by that of the Ulemas in Turkey or the Jesuits in modern times, and forming to this last, in some respects, a remarkable parallel. Schrader‡ has vividly depicted the zeal, aims, and practices of the Pharisees. By their stern theocratic exclusiveness, their minute literal observances, their proselytizing zeal, they formed the inner stronghold of Judaism — the conservative power which kept inviolate the letter long after the spirit had departed. At the same time that the gross materialism of their expected messianic kingdom attracted the lower and selfish multitude, the apparent earnestness and perfection of their legal obedience acted as a lure for better and loftier spirits. In comparison with the importance of collections for the temple, the first moral duties were set aside by them; weighed against the advancement of hierarchic Judaism, justice and mercy were light

altogether. Their history, like that of the body to whom we have compared them, is one of intrigue, turbulence, and bloodshed. We find them in the courts of princes, and in the houses of widows; praying apart in the holy places at Jerusalem, and mingling with the great concourse at Rome; the stirrers-up of the people to sedition and tumult, the secret organizers of conspiracies, and subverters of thrones.

From this compact and organized body it was to be expected that Christianity would meet with the most determined opposition. They had been the bitterest enemies of its Divine Founder. His teaching was the negation of all their views; its success would be death to their dearest hopes. Moral purity was by Him upheld at the expense of ceremonial correctness; all hierarchical system was abolished by a religion whose foundations were laid in individual conviction; the messianic pomp of the expected kingdom was apparently resolved into some spiritual renovation, to them unintelligible, or, if understood, unwelcome.

Such was one, and that the prevailing element in the Judaism of the time; prevailing, not because numerically the greatest, but because in it was concentrated all the fire and zeal of the system; because it had the only organization, the only perfect unity of mutual understanding and action. The other, the Hellenistic element, embraced all those Jews who had become mingled with Grecians, used their language, and had learned their habits of thought. To them, for the most part, the sacred tongue was unknown. They had their own version of the Scriptures, made in their great metropolis, Alexandria. They formed a widely-spread and motley combination of various grades of opinion and practice. For the most part, Hellenism was a fruitless attempt to unite principles essentially discordant. Its philosophico-allegoric speculations on Scripture may have amused some ingenious minds like that of Philo; while, on the other hand, the refuge which its purer creed offered at small cost from the utter abandonment and hopelessness of heathenism, attracted many of the conscientious and upright; but we can hardly imagine in the Hellenist either logical consistency, or very fervent zeal.

As regarded Christianity, Hellenistic Judaism was a most important preparation. By it the essential truths of the Old Testament had long ago been clothed in the language of philosophic thought. At Alexandria, at Antioch, at Ephesus, the weapons had been prepared, with which the warfare of persuasion was to be carried on. It was the link between the schools of Athens and the schools of the Rabbis; the form in which, if at all, the truths of Christianity must be presented to the Grecian mind. The

\* Treffend und schön bezeichnet De Wette als die auszeichnende Eigenthümlichkeit des Hebräischen Volkes, dass in ihm von Anfang an das Gewissen rego ist. — *Neander*, Pfl. u. Leit. p. 91.

† Josephus, Bell. Jud. ii. 20, 2, says of the women of Damascus, that they were ἀπίστας πλείους πάντας τῶν Ἰουδαίων θρησκεία. See also Acts xiii. 50; xvii. 4. 12.

‡ Vol. ii. ch. 4.

processes of dialectic argument, unknown to eastern composition, were eminently suited to a religion whose hearers were to prove all things, in order to hold fast that which is good. And it was now no new thing to have sacred truth propounded in these dialectic forms.

We have thus been gradually led to the second great element in the social system at the Christian era—the intellectual culture of Greece. If Humanity is to be gained for the highest purposes, the reason of man must be satisfied, and his intellect ennobled; nor can that be the religion under which man's highest state is to be realized, which is not prepared to enlist and consecrate every lawful use of his powers and faculties; to work in the lump until the whole is leavened. At the same time, let it be granted that this is to be done, not by unaided human power, but by a revelation from above—and it is manifest that a very important part of the preparation for receiving such a gift would be, the demonstration of the insufficiency of man himself to attain to this ennoblement of his powers. And this is the work which, in the designs of Providence, was accomplished by that wonderful development of the human intellect witnessed in ancient Greece. That a height of intellectual excellence should there have been reached which has never since been attained—that in philosophy, in art, and in poesy, the patterns for the world should there have been set once for all, will surprise only those who do not bear this purpose in mind.

But while the failure of Greek philosophy to regenerate mankind was thus in progress of demonstration, these highest exercises of man's intellect were but preparing the way for Him who was to come. The language of the Greeks is itself a wonderful monument of the culminating intellectual period of our race. In no other tongue under heaven can the minutest shiftings and distinctions of the mental feelings be expressed with so much precision. In no other are there so many varieties of construction and arrangement, by each of which some minute distinction of meaning or emphasis is given. In no other language have we so many apparently insignificant particles, by which the exact reference of secondary clauses to the main subject, and to one another, can be marked off and determined. In that language, every term relating to things human or divine had already been discussed, and its meaning labored out with marvellous patience and accuracy.

Nor was Providence, which was thus preparing a garb for Christianity, wanting in making it generally known and used. The dispersion of Greeks is hardly less wonderful than that of Jews. In early times, their

colonies had spread along the coasts of Italy and Sicily, of Africa and Asia Minor. Their hostile intercourse or intrigues with Persia had gradually carried them further East; till finally the conquests of Alexander distributed the Greek tongue and influence over the whole of his vast but fleeting empire. Amidst the struggles and confusion incident on his death, this one effect alone of his conquests remained undisturbed and increasing. All the dynasties which sprang from his grave were Greek, and tended to consolidate the Grecian element which his victories had first introduced. Greek letters and arts became everywhere cultivated; the language usurped the place of the indigenous tongues in all polite intercourse. Nor was Judæa exempt from this influence. Lying between the contending kingdoms, and ever involved in their quarrels, it too received, although slowly and reluctantly, the unhallowed boon of Grecian culture.

There yet wanted a political power which might adjust to equilibrium these disturbing forces. Had the world been seething in tumult, as it was under the successors of Alexander, the propagation of Christianity would have been, humanly speaking, impossible.

And we must here express our opinion, that there are few things more instructive in history, than the relation of the Roman Empire to the spread of Christianity. Whether we regard it in its rise, at its height, or in its decline, we see in it a vast instrument to subserve the purposes of Providence with regard to the religion of Christ. In its rise, with which we are here more immediately concerned, by a rapid succession of conquests and annexations, it reduced to political unity and security the various conflicting powers whose struggles had hitherto distracted the world. Crushing and afflicting as was the character of its rule over its provinces, it was everywhere the government of order, and the friend of commercial intercourse. Among its works conducive to safe transit by sea and land, we may reckon, for the first, the extinction of piracy in the Mediterranean; for the second, the admirable roads with which every part of its vast territory was intersected. It was through these seas, and along these roads, that "the noble army of martyrs," as well as the armies of Rome, advanced to the conquest of the world. In times of restricted intercourse, and unsafe transit, these missionary journeys would have been impracticable.

The Roman policy with regard to religion was entirely consistent with the other parts of the system. Every existing religion of nation or tribe was sanctioned by law; but no countenance was given to the introduction of new tenets or modes of worship. Thus Christianity, for many years after its promulgation,

grew up undistinguished from Judaism, and under the shelter of this *religio licita* as one of its sects. It was not till the inhabitants of whole districts flocked to baptism amidst the indignation of surrounding Jews and Pagans, that we find systematic persecution enjoined; and by that time Christianity was strong enough in numbers to be aided, rather than crushed, by such hostility.

During and for some time after the reigns of the first twelve Cæsars, the citizen of Rome was endowed with considerable privileges. Among these, exemption from corporal punishment, and the power of appealing to the people, were the chief and best known. It is true, that this last had now merged into an appeal to him who wielded, by his concentration of offices, the power of the *populus* and the *plebs* alike; but it had not, on that account, lost its value as a means of rescue from arbitrary decisions, and from the warping of justice by the venality of provincial judges.\*

The foregoing sketch of the state of the world shortly after the Christian era, will enable us to lay down *a priori* the necessary and desirable qualifications of the man who is to be the main agent in propagating the Christian faith.

First. It is absolutely necessary, that he be a Jew. Founded as Christianity is on the ancient covenant and promises, its appeal to the world was mainly through Judaism; addressing itself "to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile." It is to the Jews that the preacher must look for his earliest and his most able converts; men who, having been reasoned with out of the law and the prophets, were thereby convinced, and prepared to convince others, that Jesus was the Christ. And none but a Jew would gain access to that exclusive and prejudiced people. The synagogues would be forbidden ground to a Gentile teacher; the ears of the Jews would be absolutely closed against him.

For the same reason, the Apostle of the world must be not a Hellenist, but of pure Hebrew descent. It is of the utmost importance that he should be able to speak and cite in the sacred language of the law and prophets. The Hellenists were looked on by the purer Jews with disparagement and contempt. They had their own synagogues, in which the sacred tongue was never heard, and to enter which would have been pollution to the scrupulous and rigid Pharisee. Thus a Hellenist would have acted at a great disadvantage, in leaving the central fortress of Judaism untouched, because to him inaccessible.

This last consideration will at once bring

before us another requisite. None but the strictest sect of Judaism will furnish the man who shall be sufficient for this work. The pretended mysteries of the Rabbinical teaching must be in his grasp to deal with and set aside. None must be able to say of him, "This man, who knoweth not the law, is cursed." In one point at least his message to the Jews should be without fault: all should be compelled to look up to him as one trained to teach, and thoroughly capable of doing it. If the question, "Whence hath this man letters?" was for other and wise purposes permitted to be asked respecting Him who came to be rejected and suffer and die, it would have been, as far as we can judge, a serious obstacle to the work of one who must be to the Jews as a Jew, in order to persuade and gain them.

But yet another reason existed (and this is ably brought out by Schrader\* and Neander†) why the great apostle of Christianity should be a Pharisee. Of all the opposition offered to Jesus of Nazareth, that of the Pharisees was the most consistent and entire. They saw in his teaching the abnegation of hierarchical Judaism. If He were a teacher from God, the ceremonial law had passed away, the barrier between Jew and Gentile was broken down, and Judaism became an empty husk henceforward. None thoroughly understood this but the bigoted Pharisee. The lapse of years, and the warning of heavenly visions, had not kept the greatest of the chosen Twelve from vacillating on this vital point; and there is every reason to believe that the Church at Jerusalem remained to the end practically prejudiced against the free admission of the union of mankind in Christ. Amidst all the difficulties and inconsistencies on this matter, he only would be sure never to go wrong, who having during his life of Pharisaic zeal keenly stigmatized as an abomination the anti-exclusive spirit of the religion of Jesus, had thus gained the clearest view of its universality, and in his conversion adopted this view as his own to the full.

But Jew and Pharisee as he must be, other elements must be mingled in him, which few who were Jews and Pharisees united in themselves. A Jew born in Palestine, and receiving a purely Jewish education, could have been a missionary for the most part to pure Jews only. It is plainly necessary that he be, though not a Hellenist himself, yet from youth accustomed to the use of the Hellenistic version of the Scriptures, together with the Hebrew original — nay more, from youth accustomed to the habits of thought and expression of the more cultivated Greeks — no

\* The bearings on Christianity of these various characteristics of the time are admirably treated in the first chapter of Conybeare and Howson's work.

\* Vol. ii. ch. 6. "Bildung des Apostels Paulus in der Schule der Pharisäer."

† P. 133.

stranger to the literature and rhetorical usage of that language which had been prepared for the work which Christianity had to do. The advantage of a boyhood spent in the haunts of Greek literary culture would be great, even if he himself did not frequent the schools for instruction. A certain pride in the place of his birth would lead a youth of genius to some acquaintance at least with the Greek writers who had sprung from it, or were connected with the studies there pursued; and the first remembrance of his early days would be bound up with his taste, however brief, of the sweets of profane literature. All this would eminently fit him to address a Grecian audience; to know the peculiar stumbling-blocks which the hearers must be taught cautiously to approach, and gently to step over; and skillfully to avoid incurring those charges, which might exaggerate in the Greek mind the repulsiveness of himself and his message. At the same time, no extraneous culture could educate a Pharisee. In the Holy City alone, and in the schools of the Jerusalem rabbis, was the fountain head of Judaism to be drawn from.

Thus we have arrived at the complicated, and we may conceive, not often united requirements, of pure Judaic extraction, with birth and early education among Hellenists and Grecians, and subsequent training in the rabbinical schools of Jerusalem. If, however, we rested here, one important advantage would be wanting. The great apostle is sure to incur the deadliest hatred of the Pharisaic party, which he has deserted to pass over to Christianity. That hatred will be unrelenting, and will pursue him wherever his message is delivered. No calumny will be spared, no attempt withheld, to make him odious to the local magistracies. Should he be found in Judea itself, the jealousy of the Roman procurators, ever ready to awake against turbulence and sedition, will be aroused to effect his ruin. One safeguard, and one only, humanly speaking, would obviate the danger of his career being cut short by conspiracy on the part of his enemies, or the tyranny of an unprincipled governor. If he possessed the privileges of a Roman citizen, his person would be safe from punishment at the hands of the officers of Rome; and an escape would be always open to him from conspiracy or apprehended injustice, in an appeal to the supreme power in the great metropolis.

We have said nothing of personal characteristics. That the apostle of the world should be full of earnestness and self-forgetting zeal, is too obvious to be insisted on. That a great persuader should, besides convincing men's minds, be able to win and keep their hearts—that he who wishes others to weep must weep himself—has long ago passed into an axiom. But we prefer filling in this part of

the sketch *à posteriori*, from the facts themselves.

That the person so required *was found*—that so many and unusual attributes were combined in one individual—is known to us all. But it seems to have been reserved for our own age of biography and minute research, fully to trace all the qualifications of Saul of Tarsus for his great mission, and to point out their examples in his extraordinary career.

There is no work extant in which this is more laboriously and completely done than in Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of St. Paul." The names of the authors are vouchers for their ability to perform their task; and no one will consult their book without being convinced of the diligent research and careful accuracy with which it has been accomplished. No pains have been spared to gather information on every point of the apostle's life and the abundance and excellence of maps, and illustrations by landscapes and coins, make the book a complete manual of all that relates to the subject. The authorities referred to are given *at length* in the foot-notes, which greatly increases the value of the work to the scholar. On the whole, we doubt if any modern literature possesses a treatise more complete or satisfactory in its design and execution.

Perhaps there is a little too much of imaginative minuteness in some of the descriptions of the journeys of the Apostle; and we confess an objection to the frequent and sometimes bewildering illustration by reference to modern state relations or local circumstances. These, however, to which might be added an occasional want of condensation, and exuberance of style, are but slight faults, compared with the essential service which these authors have rendered to English biblical literature by their elaborate researches, and to English society by the pleasing and attractive garb in which they have clothed the results.

Into the important portion of the work which Mr. Conybeare has contributed—the translation of the Epistles—it is not our intention to enter critically. In such a wide field of controversy, philological and doctrinal, there will be much for every scholar to question. At the same time we have found much to approve; and we hail every independent scholar-like attempt to render the sacred text in our language, in hopes that it may lead at some time to the judicious removal of some of the acknowledged blots on our otherwise excellent authorized version.

Mr. Lewin's work, though published since the first volume of Conybeare and Howson, is an original contribution to the same subject, from a candid and diligent layman. While there is much in it that is really valuable, it is to be regretted that Mr. Lewin

has not enriched and in some places rectified his book by the admirable and copious treatises which have of late years been published in Germany, and of which the authors of the former work have largely and most properly taken advantage. This fact tends to place Mr. Lewin's book altogether on lower ground than it should have occupied; while the unfortunate inaccuracy of its printing is continually confusing the reader.\* At the same time, Mr. Lewin's useful historical memoirs, his plans of the principal towns, with geographical authorities cited at length†, and the justice and good feeling which he shows in his remarks, will prevent his work from being laid aside, and cause it to be retained as accessory to, or a cheaper substitute for, the more important and costly volumes of Conybeare and Howson.‡

We have placed two well-known German works on our list, because our neighbors have in this, as in most of the departments of biblical literature and research, the credit of having led the way, and suggested to ourselves the reproduction or expansion of their labors; and because there is something so well fitted in the German mind for treating subjects of this kind, that, after all acknowledged defects are allowed for, and evident excrescences pared away, we always have left, in the work of an intelligent German, abundant suggestive matter that is truly valuable, and nowhere else to be found.

Schrader's treatise spread its publication over the years 1830-1836; and considering the time, we cannot help ranking it as the most remarkable work on the subject. Its plan is that of a biography, with the chronology and doctrine treated of in separate volumes, and followed by a translation of the Epistles, with a commentary. For really sound research into the necessities and inner proprieties of St. Paul's preparation for his work, we know of no book which approaches Schrader's in value. We might perhaps be disposed to find a little fault with Mr. Howson for not having more abundantly trans-

ferred to his pages the interesting speculations of this author. We might think that some pruning of graphic description would have been more than compensated by giving us the substance of some of Schrader's valuable chapters in his second volume on the personal character and training of the Apostle.

At the same time, there is one part of Schrader's work which disfigures it in common with many of the best German treatises on matters connected with historical Christianity. We mean its perfectly gratuitous rationalism. If Saul was in reality, as Schrader and we are sorry to say Neander also would have us believe, merely *struck with lightning* on the way to Damascus—not only were the solemn words then related to have been spoken to him, and on which he distinctly grounds his apostleship, the offspring of his excited imagination—but he must himself be charged with deliberate falsehood and imposture; for in neither of the narratives of his conversion which we possess from his own lips, is there the slightest intimation of a storm having overtaken the party, but an evident intention to imply that, in the brightness of the noonday sun, a light brighter still was shed around him, and a supernatural voice plainly heard, answered, and heard again, the speaker being all the while distinctly seen.\*

Neander's work is well known in this country by translations, as one of the most valuable contributions to an intelligent appreciation of the mind and mission of the various great Apostles, and the conflicts and character of the first Christian age. Tinged strongly with the peculiarities of the German school, it yet exhibits so thorough an understanding of the position, wants, and divisions of the nascent Church, and so admirable a spirit of Christian faith and charity, as to have be-

\* The Greek is printed *without accents*, a practice against which every scholar should protest, and about as rational as it would be to print an English work without crossing the *i's* or dotting the *i's*. The punctuation of the text is in some places in utter confusion. Take an example:—"but, at night he escaped from his guard, and got on board, and reached, Alexandria." (P. 84.) Such abound throughout.

† His geographical notices are not always accurate: e. g., where, in speaking of Myra, he makes it the metropolis of Lycia in the apostolic times, on the authority of the Synecdemus of Hierocles, a work of the sixth century; and in the same notice makes the distinct rivers Limyrus and Andriaki into one.

‡ Mr. L. gives the Epistles in the authorized version, with a few departures, and those not always for the better.

\* If, to take another instance (and here we must include Mr. Lewin in our reprehension, and even complain somewhat of the guarded and ambiguous language of Mr. Howson), the pythiness at Philippi was not really possessed by a spirit, but only (we quote Mr. Lewin) "subject to ravings, and at the present day would merely be committed to the charge of a keeper"—how on the one hand can we account for those ravings taking daily the form of vehement recognition of the divine mission of the Apostle, and how on the other can we give any consistent account of *her cure*, which both these authors believe to have followed on St. Paul's words? Far better and deeper in this instance Neander, who, though he supposes the case need not imply possession by a personal evil spirit, yet distinctly recognizes the agency of the chief spirit of evil, and the maiden's liberation from it by the Apostle. See the whole matter very satisfactorily treated in the recent work of Baumgarten, "Die Apostel-geschichte, oder der Entwicklungsgang der Kirche von Jerusalem bis Rom," vol. ii. § 26. There is a sensible and able refutation of the rationalistic views of Saul's conversion in Hemsen's "Apostel Paulus," p. 12, ff.



come an indispensable element in the study of the apostolic history.

We shall proceed now, with the aid of the works which we have characterized, in some measure to fill in *à posteriori* the outlines given above. To do this continuously would be out of the question. We must necessarily select a few salient points of the history as examples of the rest.

The destined Apostle of the Gentiles was born of pure Jewish descent, "a Hebrew of Hebrews," at Tarsus, the capital of the province of Cilicia, a few years probably after our era. With his birth he inherited the citizenship of Rome.\* His native place, characterized by himself as "no mean city," was one of the most celebrated seats of Greek learning. Two eminent Stoics, Athenodorus the tutor of Augustus, and Nestor of Tiberius, were taken from the school of Tarsus. Strabo gives it the preference over Athens and Alexandria, and every other academy of the time. No city could be imagined more fitting for the birthplace of an apostle of the Gentiles. Free from the warping influences which would have beset a childhood in Athens, Alexandria, or Rome, the Hebrew youth might here stray without danger into the pleasant paths of Grecian literature.† We know that his main education was Jewish. In all probability, both the Hebrew text of the Scriptures and the Septuagint version were familiar to him from childhood. The former would be sure to be known and read in a pure Hebrew family; and the familiarity with which he cites the latter from memory, can hardly be accounted for except by early habitude. Mr. Howson traces, with that graphic minuteness which, while it is sometimes his temptation, is undoubtedly also his excellence, the illustrious recollections connected with the tribe of Benjamin, and with his own royal name, which would stir the spirit of the eager Hebrew boy—and the fine emotions with which one capable of the feelings which we find expressed in his writings, would wander by the clear cold stream of the Cydnus, and gaze on the snowy heights of Taurus.

But other and more exciting scenes soon rose upon his view. We can hardly conceive the burst of enthusiasm with which such a

Jewish youth, educated in exile, first beheld the spot where Jehovah had placed His name. We may well conceive that from the time of the youthful Saul entering the Holy City, his previous intercourse with Hellenism was dropped, and he devoted himself zealously to the study of the law and traditions of his fathers. He himself appeals to the fact many years after: "My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee." (Acts xxvi. 4, 5.)

"Having a foundation of excellent natural talents gifted with creative profundity, and a rare clearness and energy of thought, he made his own the whole cycle of Rabbinical Scripture-lore, its jurisprudence and its theology, the different exegeses of the Bible, its allegory, typology, and tradition, as his Epistles sufficiently show. By this theoretical education, he was enabled, in after times, so powerfully and convincingly to refute Pharisaical errors, and to unfold the most profoundly and amply of all the Apostles the intrinsic doctrines of Christianity. By nature an ardent and decided character, armed with the choleric and melancholic temperament found among reformers, he embraced whatever he once held to be right with all his soul, and was thus inclined to a rude straightforwardness and action in extremes. Thus he became a Pharisee of the strongest kind, and a blind zealot for the law of his fathers (Phil. iii. 6., Gal. i. 13, 14)."

Saul was never a hypocrite. He hated the name and followers of Jesus from his innermost soul. In this he nobly differed from many of his elders and competers, who in hypocrisy carried on an opposition to a teaching which in their hearts they approved, but saw to be the certain ruin of their worldly hopes. Schrader (ii. 47, ff.) brings out well this difference, and speculates on its probable effects. It was no small thing for Pharisaism to possess a partisan of an earnest and thorough spirit—one too, who was not, like the Palestine Jews, confined to a narrow Judaistic circle of experience, but had from childhood known Gentile persons and practices. Is it not certain that they who compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, would be carefully

\* This fact is as certain as its explanation is obscure. It was formerly assumed (by Tillemont and Cave, see C. and H. vol. i. p. 49) that the privilege belonged to natives of Tarsus; but more accurate knowledge has precluded this. The probable account is that which Mr. Howson has adopted, that Saul's father had gained the citizenship as the reward of services rendered during the civil wars to some influential Roman.

† We find him quoting Aratus (a Cilician poet), Epimenides, and Euripides, or Menander. Where did he read these authors, if not in his early youth at Tarsus?

\* Schaff, Geschichte der Christlichen Kirche von ihrer Gründung bis auf die Gegenwart, vol. i. p. 163. This work, of which the first volume was last year published in America (Mercersburg, Pa.), promises to be one of the best compendiums extant of Church history. Its spirit is thoroughly Christian, its arrangement clear, its style lively and attractive; and it contains notices of the most recent German and other opinions on every question as it arises.

training such an one for a missionary of their own and promising themselves by his coöperation a rich accession of Gentile converts? If so, Pharisaism was eventually pierced to death by a shaft winged with its own feather.

We must quote Schrader for the further usefulness to Saul of his Pharisaic education:—

In order to defend themselves against the attacks of Jesus, and retain their own influence, the Pharisees not only availed themselves of excommunication and persecution of those who would not implicitly obey them, but sought even more eagerly to fill their partisans with inexplicable hate of Him. This was the easier, because to those who reckoned Pharisaism as a thing from God, Jesus could only appear as God's enemy. It required no perversion of truth to prove this. They need only say that He was the greatest foe of the patriarchal traditions, did not keep the Sabbath, did not fast, nor pray as other men, neglected the necessary washings, held converse with Samaritans and Gentiles, placed them on a level with Jews, nay, required and yielded obedience to the Gentile government, gave himself out for the Messiah, &c., and they were sure to render their fanatical scholars His irreconcilable enemies. But to Paul, all this was of the utmost value. He thus learnt to apprehend in many respects the plan and intentions of Jesus more correctly than even His own friends and disciples. To these last it appeared impossible, in their deep reverence for their Master, that He should in any way have impugned or rejected that which was to them above all things precious and sacred. And hence it was that they so seldom understood His sentiments, which deviated from the established maxims, and so often defended him against the charge of transgressing or rejecting the Mosaic law. The Pharisees, on the contrary, veiled nothing; to them it was a delight to lay hold of, and disseminate among their partisans, such acts and sayings of Jesus as contradicted that which had usually been esteemed true and divine. . . . As the foe of the ancient traditions and precepts, and of Pharisaism, as the abrogator of the law of Moses and of Judaism, as the friend and enfranchizer of Gentiles and sinners—thus was the image of Jesus vividly present in the heart of the Pharisee Saul. And as it often happens to those among us who advance far before their age, that their views are rightly apprehended, and therefore derided by their opponents, but misunderstood by their friends, and by way of justification attempted to be reconciled with doctrines previously held, thus it was also in the case of our Lord; His friends and worshippers were blind, and His enemies only had eyes to see His intentions. (Vol. ii., p. 82, ff.)

With such an impression of Jesus, and with his earnest character and fiery temper, Saul could not but be a persecutor. To extinguish the hated name—to prevent the obnoxious sect from spreading in or out of Jerusalem—would be an exertion worthy of all his ener-

gies. To this accordingly we find him devoting himself, when the sacred narrative first introduces him to our notice.

The question, whether he had seen our Lord in the flesh, is wrapped in obscurity. The probable answer is in the negative. Had he taken any part in the acts of the Pharisees during the eventful period of the ministry of Jesus, he would hardly have passed it over in silence in those passages where he speaks so freely of his state and acts as a persecutor; and that he should have been present, and have taken no part, is inconceivable. Why he was absent from Jerusalem during those three years, it is impossible to say. It may have been just the interval between the completion of his Rabbinical training and his maturity as a member of the Sanhedrin, which we afterwards find him. He may have been at Tarsus, or on travel. That he should not yet have arrived as a youthful scholar, is chronologically improbable. However it was, such seems to have been the fact; and his first hostile efforts were brought to bear on the Church about eight years after the Ascension.

We refer to Mr. Howson for the complete detail of the trial and execution of Stephen, and for some able remarks on the influence, in after times, which the apology of the martyr seems to have had on the mind of his chief persecutor. It has been assumed by recent writers (Schrader, Olshausen, Neander), that a deep immediate impression was made on Saul's mind by the circumstances of the death of Stephen, and that he was in a remorseful state of self-questioning when he undertook his errand to Damascus. But this idea, intimately bound up as it is with the rationalistic interpretation of the narrative of his conversion, is entirely opposed to the history (Acts ix. 1), and to his own assertion: "Being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities." We have no reason whatever to suppose that any change had taken place in his sentiments towards Christianity. Nay, we quite agree with Baumgarten in placing here the culminating point of his zeal, and seeing in this sudden arrest and turning of his course by the working of Divine wisdom and power, a fitness for the occasion and for the character and temperament of the man. As Bengel strikingly remarks, "in summo furore peccandi creptus et conversus est."\*

Of all that has been written on the mind and feelings of Saul consequent on his conversion, we have read with the greatest interest the remarks of Baumgarten, vol. i. pp.

\* Such too was the view of Chrysostom: *καθ' ἑαυτὸν ἰσχυρὸς ἄριστος, ἀκατακτάτος ἐν τοῖς περὶ αὐτοῦ τοῖς λόγοις, καὶ ἐν ὅλῳ τῷ κόσμῳ ἐπὶ τῷ ὀνόματι τοῦ Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ.* C. & H. i. p. 108.

198-223. On one point only we entirely differ from him. He spends some pages in tracing during this period the inner experience detailed by the Apostle, Rom. vii. 7-25. We believe the greater part of that weighty passage to belong to an earlier and totally different portion of his life; and it seems to us strange that a writer who has taken so just a psychological view of his subject should have adopted a theory which tends completely to confuse it, and destroy its unity. This is not the place to discuss and appropriate that description; it may suffice to say that, while we distinctly recognize its autobiographical character, we see in it a reference to a process much more frequent in the human mind, and better calculated to be a general pattern for us all, than that by which the zeal of the persecutor became transformed into the zeal of the apostle.

Some degree of mystery has always rested on the *visit to Arabia*;\* but almost all writers are agreed in connecting it with an immediate reception of the Gospel from Christ himself. Mr. Howson indeed gives the alternative, that perhaps he went to preach "in the synagogues of that singular capital which was built amidst the exiles of Edom, whence 'Arabians' came to the festivals at Jerusalem (Acts ii. 11);" but we must own the other alternative seems to us more probable; and that, whether the rationalistic or the supernatural view be taken. The former is given by Schrader (ii. p. 147):—

He cared not, previously to the public opening of his ministry, to obtain information from other men in a matter which was accessible to him by his own reason (?), but preferred shortly after his baptism to retire apart from all human society to the solitude of the Arabian wilderness; with this view beyond doubt, undistractedly to prepare himself for the work of the promulgation of Christianity, to meditate on his present circumstances, to think of that which lay before him, to make powerful resolutions, or rather to confirm himself in the resolution already made, and to take counsel of God and of himself, or of that which was become a divine or living principle within him. In this he acted as other men of great and independent character have done, and even as Jesus himself, who also immediately after His baptism withdrew Himself for a similar purpose into the same wilderness.

But sensible as this view is as far as it goes, none can fail to see how entirely inadequate it is to satisfy the requisitions of the historical facts resulting, or the assertions of the Apostle himself. In a passage (2 Cor. xii. 1, ff.) where he is undoubtedly describing his own experience, and referring to a period not far removed from this, he speaks of "abundance of" visions and "revelations" being granted to him, and recounts in myste-

rious words the nature of some of these. We should therefore be much more disposed to agree with Baumgarten, when he says (vol. i. 223):—

Those will take the right view of this sojourn of Saul in Arabia who regard it as a still retirement, in which he lived in communion in the spirit with the Lord in Heaven, as the original Apostles had conversed with the Lord on Earth.

Another difficulty belongs to this period, which has been very variously dealt with. The facts are simply these. Some physical weakness, of a conspicuous and distressing kind, resulted from the exaltation of the spirit at the expense of the body. Perhaps his own words—"when I could not see for the glory of 'that light,'"—may furnish some clue to its origin. Feebleness of sight, connected probably with some nervous infirmity, may have constituted the thorn in the flesh, concerning which he prayed thrice that it might depart from him: which made his "bodily presence weak, and his speech contemptible;"\* and of which he could say to the Galatians, "My temptation which was in my flesh ye despised not, nor rejected. . . I bear you record, that if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me."† But even this, whatever it was, served him as an argument for the divine character of his mission. It precluded any imputation that he had won his converts by the charms of graceful rhetoric; he was among them "in weakness, and fear, and much trembling." So does every circumstance in the life of this remarkable man fit into its place, and bear its part in the work prepared for him.

Five years at least elapsed after his conversion before we find him actively engaged in ministerial labor. He certainly was not idle, but his proper vocation had not begun. There had apparently been nothing more than fragmentary testimonies in the synagogues. At Damascus and at Jerusalem he had been exposed to the fury of those Jews, whom he had now through life for his implacable enemies. At both places he was rescued by the brethren; who yet, not knowing in what department to employ the zeal of the new convert, sent him back to his native town, to wait a special call of Providence.

A great question soon began to be agitated in the Church. Was Christianity to be preached to the Gentiles? That they were eventually to share in its blessings, no believing Jew doubted; but *how* this was to be brought about, was yet unknown. The first step towards a solution seems to have been taken at Antioch, by certain Cyprian and African Hellenists, who had fled on the perse-

\* Gal. i. 17.

\* 2 Cor. x. 10.

† Gal. iv. 14, 15.

education which arose about Stephen, having *spoken to Gentiles\** in that city. This new step aroused the attention of the mother-church at Jerusalem. Barnabas, himself a Cyprian, was sent to report on the movement, or perhaps to restrain what was deemed an excess of zeal. By what he saw, he was convinced, and sympathized. But joy was not his only feeling at seeing the Gentile converts. The time for action was obviously come. There was one in retirement, to whom it had been said, "I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles." He went to Tarsus to seek Saul. For a year they taught at Antioch, which became the second historical capital of Christendom, the great centre of activity during the transition-state from Judaism, and most appropriately the birthplace of that name, by which those who were neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian nor Scythian, were in future to be called. After a journey to Jerusalem for a special eleemosynary purpose, the two friends depart, by Divine command, on their first great missionary journey.

The whole process of this, as of the other journeys, is admirably narrated, discussed, and illustrated by Conybeare and Howson. We have every accessory which could be desired. Recent surveys and soundings have furnished accurate maps of almost every country and coast; while Mr. Bartlett's beautiful drawings give reality to the scenery of the most remarkable spots. There can hardly be more pleasant reading for the lover of travel and adventure, than the pages of this work which trace the Apostle through Cyprus, or Asia Minor, or Greece, or afterwards on his perilous voyage by Malta to Rome. And it is no small merit of the work that, while it extracts information from every source, an admirable spirit of Christian faith, accompanied by a manly love of truth and soundness of judgment, characterize it throughout. While its hand is in every German treatise, its heart is thoroughly English; and its effect will everywhere be, to confirm those great central truths, round which it has grouped the accessory and subordinate matter.

The first eminent fruit of this journey was the conversion of the proconsul of Cyprus, Sergius Paulus. From this time Saul becomes known by the Hellenistic name of

Paul. The coincidence is at least remarkable, and may not have been altogether fortuitous. But that the Apostle, as Jerome and Augustine believed, took the name from his convert, we may with safety deny. Such a piece of secular conceit was wholly alien from his character, and could only pass current when that character was, as a whole, very imperfectly studied. It is far more probable that the change marks the transition from his earlier memoirs, when from the still Jewish character of the Church his Hebrew name prevailed, to those recording his preaching among Gentiles. The bearing of two names, the original Oriental appellation, and the same Græcized or Romanized, in sound or meaning, was very common.\*

During this journey we have striking instances of the fitness of the Great Apostle for becoming all things to all men, that he might by all means win some. At Antioch, in Pisidia, we have his first recorded discourse. It was delivered to Jews, and besides its historical detail, so suitable to his hearers, contains, as Mr. Howson justly observes, the kernel of that great argument which he afterwards unfolded in the Epistle to the Romans. At Lystra we find him dissuading the heathen multitude from sacrificing to his companion and himself, in words of singular skill and beauty, founded on an argument from natural theology, far too expansive for any mere Pharisee to have propounded.

On the commencement of the next journey a personal dispute separated from him the former companion of his toils and dangers. He is henceforth either alone, or accompanied by a group of which he is unquestionably the centre; thus bringing his apostolic agency more plainly into relief, and removing all possibility of actual rivalry, or, which was more to be apprehended, the setting up of one against another in the minds of converts.

It is on this journey that the most remarkable instances of that which we are illustrating are presented to us. It originated in that affectionate yearning after converts once gained, which we see so often expressed in his Epistles. This directed his way to Derbe, Lystra, and Iconium. His course lay through his native province and city; and Mr. Howson is justified in raising on the well known character of the Apostle the following supposition:—

One other city must certainly have been visited. If there were churches anywhere in Cilicia, there must have been one at Tarsus. It was the metropolis of the province; Paul had resided there, perhaps for some years, since the time of his conversion; and if he loved his native place well enough to speak of it with something

\* The reading 'Ελλήνας for the 'Ελληνας of the received text, is now almost universally adopted. The received reading would stultify the whole narrative. There was and could be no difficulty about preaching to Hellenists.

We do not in the text forget, nor depreciate the importance of the special mission of Peter to Cornelius; but regard this incident as necessarily prior in point of time, and that, as intended more to give solemn sanction in the sight of those who would be most difficult to persuade, than to precede all efforts of the kind.

\* See Grotius' note in *loc.*; and Conybeare and Howson, vol. i. p. 164.

like pride to the Roman officer at Jerusalem, he could not be indifferent to its religious welfare. Among the "Gentiles of Cilicia," to whom the letter which he carried was addressed, the Gentiles of Tarsus had no mean place in his affections. And his heart must have overflowed with thankfulness, if, as he passed through the streets which had been familiar to him since his childhood, he knew that many households were around him where the gospel had come, "not in word only but in power," and the relations between husband and wife, parent and child, master and slave, had been purified and sanctified by Christian love. No doubt the city still retained all the aspect of the cities of that day, where art and amusement were consecrated to a false religion. The symbols of idolatry remained in the public places—statues, temples, and altars—and the various "objects of devotion," which in all Greek towns, as well as in Athens (Acts xvii. 23), were conspicuous on every side. But the silent revolution was begun. Some families had already turned "from idols to serve the living and true God." The "dumb idols" to which, as Gentiles, they had been "carried away even as they were led," had been recognized as "nothing in the world," and been "cast to the moles and to the bats." The homes which had once been decorated with the emblems of a vain mythology, were now bright with the better ornaments of faith, hope, and love.

We leave in the able hands of our authors the description of the journey itself, and select one or two points for our especial purpose.\*

At Neapolis, the port of Philippi, the missionary band, now augmented by the youthful Timotheus, and Luke "the beloved physician," first set foot in Europe. From the high grounds above that town, they gazed on the plains where the world was lost and won; arrived at the walls of the now flourishing colony, they entered a miniature of that great capital in which the Apostle had already resolved to bear witness to Christ. Here, amidst the insignia of Roman power, in a Greek city, they sought out the few Jews who assembled by the river brink outside the gate for the purpose of prayer. The combination is singular, and more remarkable, as we reflect how many ages had been spent in bringing it about, how many and jarring influences had converged. Here we have the first record of the Roman citizenship having procured for the Apostle and his companion an honorable dismissal, and doubtless for the cause which he preached respect and protection, after illegal treatment during a tumultuary outbreak.

\* We cannot withhold our praise from the minute and very satisfactory manner in which the contemporary geography of Asia Minor is discussed and illustrated in this chapter. Certainly the sacred chronicle has never before had such diligent and loving labor bestowed on it.

But before he had been many weeks in Macedonia, the enmity of the resident Jews had been thoroughly aroused, and they were acting in concert against him. They drove him first from Thessalonica, then from Berea. It became necessary to take measures for his safety. As at Damascus, the brethren sent him away by night. His destination was a distant part of Greece, where the enmity of the Thessalonian Jews might for a time be baffled. He went by sea to Athens.

And here we have everything present, which can kindle enthusiasm in the breast of the Christian scholar. For those who have tasted deeply the sweets of art, poetry, or philosophy, there is an indescribable charm in all that is connected with Athens. It is the metropolis of the human intellect; the holy city of the nether world, as Jerusalem is of the upper. And when, as in this case, the two are linked together—when we see the man prepared by Jewish birth and training, united with Grecian culture, standing on the Areopagus and preaching God's revelation, we feel, if ever we do, the unity and harmony in the divine counsels of all that is holy and beautiful and great in man; that ours is not a nature of bright fragments, disjointed and helpless, but that there is a power able to unite and hallow all that is good, or seeking after good, amongst us. His *arctos* *Ἀργαῖος* comes on us with its familiar sound, as we have heard it from Pericles and Demosthenes and the illustrious masters of persuasion, like a well-known strain grafted into some loftier harmony. In the stately periods of this second and nobler Areopagitica, we read an indubitable proof that the speaker had drunk no shallow draughts at the fountains of Grecian learning. Perhaps there does not exist a more perfect specimen than this speech affords us of cautious prudence and consummate skill. It might well be so, when such a man had been so prepared; when a mind of the highest order was enlightened and directed by the special suggestions of superhuman wisdom. The authors at the head of our article have vied with one another in its praise. An able analysis is besides given in Hemsen, *Der Apostel Paulus*, pp. 143, 149.

But Athens was not destined to be noted in the annals of the Apostolic Church. We know nothing of any permanent fruit of the Apostle's residence there. It was not from the stronghold of the human intellect that the Gospel was to win its most numerous or brightest trophies.

It is a serious and instructive fact, that the mercantile population of Thessalonica and Corinth received the message of God with greater readiness than the highly educated and polished Athenians. Two letters to the Thessalonians, and two to the Corinthians, remain to attest the flourishing state of those churches. But we pos-



ness no letter written by St. Paul to the Athenians, and we do not read that he was ever in Athens again. (Vol. i., p. 409.)

The next visit was to the capital of the province, the rich and dissolute Corinth.

The reasons which determined St. Paul to come to Corinth (over and above the discouragement he seems to have met with in Athens) were, probably, twofold. In the first place, it was a large mercantile city, in immediate connection with Rome and the West of the Mediterranean, with Thessalonica and Ephesus in the *Ægean*, and with Antioch and Alexandria in the East. The Gospel once established in Corinth, would rapidly spread everywhere. And, again, from the very nature of the city, the Jews established there were numerous. Communities of scattered Israelites were found in various parts of the province of Achaia—in Athens, as we have recently seen—in Argos, as we learn from Philo—in Bœotia and Eubœa. But their chief settlement must necessarily have been in that city, which not only gave opportunities of trade by land along the Isthmus between the Morea and the continent, but received in its two harbors the ships of the Eastern and Western seas. A religion which was first to be planted in the synagogue, and was thence intended to scatter its seeds over all parts of the earth, could nowhere find a more favorable soil than among the Hebrew families at Corinth. (Ib., p. 410.)

Into the many points of interest which now gather round us, we must forbear to enter at any length. At Corinth, St. Paul wrote his first extant Epistle to his Thessalonian converts. There commenced that invaluable series of letters in which, while every matter relating to the faith is determined once for all with demonstration of the spirit and power, and every circumstance requiring counsel at the time, so handled as to furnish precepts for all time, the whole heart of this wonderful man is poured out and laid open. Sometimes he pleads, and reminds, and conjures in the most earnest strain of fatherly love; sometimes playfully rallies his converts on their vanities and infirmities; sometimes, with deep and bitter irony, concedes that he may refute, and praises where he means to blame. The course of the mountain torrent is not more majestic nor varied. We have the deep, still pool, the often returning eddies, the intervals of calm and steady advance, the plunging and foaming rapids, and the thunder of the headlong cataract. By turns fervid and calm, argumentative and impassioned, he wields familiarly and irresistibly the varied weapons of which Providence had taught him the use. With the Jew he reasons by Scripture citation, with the Gentile by natural analogies; with both, by the testimony of conscience to the justice and holiness of God. Were not the Epistles of Paul among the most eminent of inspired

writings, they would long ago have been ranked as the most wonderful of uninspired.

It is not to be supposed, that we now possess all or nearly all the letters written by the Apostle. If we take into account his fervid and affectionate spirit, and the frequency of communication between the principal cities of the Roman world and along the great roads, we may safely say, that many Epistles of guidance, warning, and encouragement were addressed by him to the numerous churches. Of these he mentions\* one to Laodicea, now not extant; and it is necessary, unless we do almost more than commentators' violence to the natural construction of words, to suppose a lost Epistle to have been sent to Corinth. The interesting letter to Philemon was doubtless one of a large class addressed to individuals.

And not only have Epistles been lost, but voyages and visits to churches remain unrecorded. The phenomena of the Epistles to the Corinthians are not satisfied by the history in the Acts. If there be plain meaning in plain words, the visit which he was about to pay them when he sent the Second Epistle, would be the third.† But the History informs us of only *one* previously paid. It becomes necessary then to interpolate a voyage to Corinth during the "three years'" stay at Ephesus of Acts xix.; for this is the only admissible time. And this has accordingly been done by almost all modern critics. Mr. Howson devotes some space to an able description of the probability and nature of this visit. We cannot, however, agree with Wieseler in uniting with it the sojourn to Crete implied in the Epistle to Titus, nor in placing that letter itself, or any of the so-called Pastoral Epistles, at this period; seeming to us as they do to bear unquestionable evidence of a much later date.

We pass on to the return from the third visit to Corinth. For many years now had the hostility of his own countrymen pursued the Apostle. Bitter and unrelenting, it met him at every station of his apostolic work. As an omen of this journey, a conspiracy awaits him as he is about to set sail for Syria. But it is defeated by a change of plan. The old route is retraced. The Egnation Way is once more traversed to Philippi. His heart at this time seems to have been unusually full—his words more than ever impassioned and earnest. What outpourings of affection would there be to the Thessalonians, "his glory and

\* Col. iv. 16.

† We are well aware of the ingenuity which the *ἑπιστολὴ τῷ Κορίνθῳ* of ch. xii. 14, and the *ἑπιστολὴ τῷ Κορίνθῳ* of ch. xiii. 1, have been twisted different ways by commentators to escape this third visit. But we hope an age of biblical exegesis is dawning, when we shall inquire no longer what words *may* mean, but what *they do* mean.

his joy," — to the Philippians, "his brethren dearly beloved and longed for, his joy and his crown!" But we are not left to conjecture. We hear of a whole night's discourse at Alexandria Troas. We have the tone of his spirit feelingly struck in the short hint that he sent the ship round Cape Lectum to Assos — "for thus had he arranged, intending himself to go afoot."<sup>a</sup>

He hastened, therefore, through the southern gate, past the hot springs, and through the oak woods — then in full foliage — which cover all that shore with greenness and shade, and across the wild water-courses on the western side of Ida. Such is the scenery which now surrounds the traveller on his way from Troas to Assos. The great difference then was, that there was a good Roman road, which made St. Paul's solitary journey both more safe and more rapid than it could have been now. We have seldom had occasion to think of the Apostle in the hours of his solitude. But such hours must have been sought and cherished by one whose whole strength was drawn from communion with God, and especially at a time when, as on this present journey, he was deeply conscious of his weakness, and filled with foreboding fears. There may have been other reasons why he lingered at Troas after his companions; but the desire for solitude was doubtless one reason among others. The discomfort of a crowded ship is unfavorable for devotion; and prayer and meditation are necessary for maintaining the religious life even of an Apostle. That Saviour to whose service he was devoted had often prayed in solitude on the mountain, and crossed the brook Kedron to kneel under the olives of Gethsemane. And strength and peace were surely sought and obtained by the Apostle from the Redeemer, as he pursued his lonely road that Sunday afternoon in spring, among the oak woods and the streams of Ida. (*Conybeare and Howson*, vol. ii. p. 214.)

He had a strong presentiment that this would be his last apostolic journey. He had determinedly set his face towards Jerusalem. Like his Master, he had a baptism to be baptized with, and was straitened till it was accomplished. He dared not trust himself at Ephesus, the scene of his former labors and dangers. He might be involved in the one or the other anew, and thus his object be foiled. But the ship tarried a short day or two at Miletus. He sent for the Ephesian elders — he spoke to them his second great discourse — the noblest extant effusion of love, as that at Athens of wisdom.

Then pass rapidly before us the great crises of his course. His apprehension at Jerusalem — his rescue from the conspiracy of the Jews — his detention at Cæsarea — all hastened on the fulfilment of the divine announcement, "As thou hast borne witness at Jerusalem, so thou must bear witness at Rome."

<sup>a</sup> Acts xx. 13.

We laid great stress at the outset on the importance of his Roman citizenship. It was this which prevented his life falling a sacrifice to the caprice or corruption of the procurators of Judæa. It was this which rescued him from the conspiracies of his fellow-countrymen. It was this again which secured his transmission to the metropolis.

But we may turn aside to remark, in the two apologies delivered by him during this interval, new proofs of exquisite tact and skill. The narrative of his conversion is common to both. The *first* is made before the infuriated Jewish multitude in their native tongue. He probably foresaw that he should hardly be heard to its termination. But, at all events, it was an opportunity for them to hear from his own lips, uninvited by the misrepresentations of his enemies, the account of the momentous change which befell him. Accordingly, he uses all possible caution in his narration. Every word is carefully chosen. To the Jews he speaks as a Jew. The Christian faith is "this way;" the Jews at Damascus are "the brethren." The hated Name is avoided throughout, — used but once, and that in the speech of another. Ananias is "a devout man, according to the law, having a good report of all the Jews who dwell there;" not a word is breathed about his being "a disciple" (Acts ix. 10). In the *second* apology, all the circumstances are changed. He is speaking under the safeguard of his civil privileges, before the Roman procurator, the Jewish king, and an assemblage of the high officers of both. The detail, so useful in the other case, but likely to be wearisome here, is altogether dropped. Ananias does not appear. The "heavenly vision" is represented as embracing the whole command given in fact through Ananias, and all the weight is laid on the paramount duty of yielding obedience to it. Thus we have two distinct treatments of the same occurrence, both strictly within the limits of truth, both admitting of illustration and justification by the ordinary methods of speaking among men, adapted with exquisite skill to the different trying circumstances under which the orator was placed.

We come now to that voyage to Italy, so full of incident and adventure, so rich in materials for the research of the geographer, the sailor, and let us add, the psychologist. The duties of the two former have been admirably fulfilled by an English gentleman, whose work concludes the list at the head of our article. After the labors of Mr. Smith, there can be no doubt left on any reasonable mind as to the direction of the Apostle's course, or the accurate trustworthiness of the history. The idea that St. Paul was shipwrecked not on Malta, but on Melita or

Meleda, high up in the gulf of Venice, was preposterous enough at any time, when compared with the requirements of the narrative; but has now, by an abundance of circumstantial evidence of the plainest and most satisfactory kind, been fairly scouted out of the field. We cannot follow Mr. Smith through the various interesting steps of the identification of the scene of the shipwreck with St. Paul's Bay at Malta, but recommend our readers to study them in the book itself, believing that they will find them, as we have done, irrefragable. Mr. Smith has also done excellent service by bringing his naval experience and reading to bear on the various nautical incidents recorded. He has shown that the course adopted under each trying circumstance was precisely that which good seamanship dictated; that the very shiftings and characteristics of the wind were such as are well known to and expected by sailors in the Levant at that time of the year. He has elicited some curious results respecting the character of St. Luke's naval knowledge; showing that he was not a sailor, but a landsman well accustomed to the sea. This point he illustrates by the journals of others similarly situated, and by comparison with the Evangelist's own account of the storm in the Lake of Gennesaret. The book is full of solid proof and valuable suggestion; and we may safely say, that a more valuable original contribution to biblical knowledge has not been made by any countryman of ours during the present century.

But *psychologically* this voyage is hardly less interesting. The influence acquired by a prisoner in chains over the motley assemblage congregated in the huge Alexandrian corn-ship, would of itself testify to his being no ordinary character. But when we combine this with our previous knowledge of the man and his mission, we hardly could have testimony more satisfactory to the consistency of a truthful narrative than this, that one so described antecedently should have so done and spoken and influenced those about him. The following beautiful description is from Schrader, whose unworthy rationalism here completely disappears, and gives place to an enthusiasm far more genial to him:—

Amidst the many dangers which Paul, well-accustomed to perils by sea, had clearly foreseen, he was the adviser, he was the comforter of all; like a genius from a higher world, he stood among the men of this earth, carried onward by the persuasion that he should proclaim the Gospel in this world's metropolis, and before its rulers; that he should gain for it a new and noble victory; that in chains and weakness, not in freedom and strength, he was to work its work. So lofty was his purpose, so visibly was his God pleased to glorify Himself in him through his captivity, that at midnight it was bright day

about him; the angels of God hovered round; waking and sleeping, in thoughts and dreams, they whispered consolation; they pronounced his purpose so blessed, so knit into the divine counsel, that God would, in its pursuance, defend both himself and all that were with him in the ship (Vol. ii., p. 363, f.)

We have now brought the great Apostle to Rome. And here the shades of evening close over him, and the apostolic history withdraws its guidance. We only know that for two years he continued in custody, but in his own lodging, privately preaching the Gospel. We cannot doubt that some of his Epistles date from this imprisonment. Hence he wrote to the Colossians, to the Ephesians (for we still believe, notwithstanding the arguments of Conybeare and Howson, and so many able critics, that it was veritably addressed to *them*), to Philemon, and the affecting letter to the Philippians; the latter in the apparent prospect of death. The evidence supplied by each of these has been well collected and applied by many able writers, and seems unobjectionable and convincing.

From this time the shade becomes deeper and more impenetrable. We have yet remaining (to say nothing of the much-questioned Epistle to the Hebrews) three letters, two to Timotheus and one to Titus, commonly known as the Pastoral Epistles. These, in style and diction, are so completely distinct from the others, that while they bear indubitable marks of the mind and hand of Paul, we must refuse to insert them anywhere in the existing series, but regard them as subsequent, and in a later manner. If this were once established, the important question of a *second imprisonment* would be also decided; for journeys are spoken of, and events alluded to, which make it impossible that two of them should have been written in captivity. We cannot pretend here to follow out this matter; we will only cursorily notice two points connected with the question:—

1. The statement in 2 Tim. iv. 20, "Trophimus have I left at Miletus sick," has never received any satisfactory explanation on the hypothesis of *one* imprisonment. Those who wish to see to what shifts the advocates of that theory are reduced by those words may refer to Schaff's *Kirchengeschichte*, p. 273 b, or Davidson's useful introduction to the N. T. vol. iii. p. 53.

2. There is between the remarkable doxology at the end of the Epistle to the Romans, and the Pastoral Epistles, a curious affinity in style and diction. Might it not well have been that the apostle, reviewing his Epistle in later days at Rome, subjoined this fervid ascription of praise (for the Epistle was manifestly complete without it)—and so may it not be synchronous with the Pastoral Epistles?

Of the death of St. Paul, we know next to nothing. All that tradition tells us, is no more than might be inferred from his own notices, and therefore probable; but, on this very account, of little independent weight. Gathering the evidence for ourselves, we may safely assume that he died by martyrdom, and possibly at Rome.

However this may have been, we know that he regarded his course as FINISHED. The end for which he was raised up had been answered. A man had been found, who, by birth, by training, by privilege, by character, united in himself the many requirements for an Apostle of the nations. By this man's living word, the principal churches in the world were founded. By his written testimony, the principal disputes of Christendom were anticipated. To this armory went Augustine; to this, Luther. From this, future champions of God's truth and man's right may yet equip themselves.

We regard it as a sign for good, that just now attention should be directed to the biography and character of St. Paul. No study could prove so effectual an antidote to the assumptions of hierarchical pretension;—none will afford a more grateful relief from the tinsel of that frippery Christianity which is now so ostentatiously imported among us. He is above all others the Apostle of individual religion; of those things which are true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report. His course was a life-long and single-hearted striving after one glorious purpose with no side-aims nor reservation.

The more such a character is known and appreciated, the better Protestants shall we be, and the better Christians.

J. G. WHITTIER has just issued a new volume of Poems, called "The Chapel of the Hermits and other Poems." From the prelude we take the following lines:—

"I do believe, and yet in grief,  
I pray, for help to unbelief;  
For needful strength aside to lay  
The daily cumberings of my way.

"I'm sick at heart of craft and cant,  
Sick of the crazed enthusiasts' rant,  
Profession's smooth hypocrisies,  
And creeds of iron, and lives of ease.

"I ponder o'er the sacred Word,  
I read the record of our Lord;  
And, weak and troubled, envy them  
Who touched His seamless garment's hem;—

"Who saw the tears of love He wept  
Above the grave where Lazarus slept;  
And heard, amidst the shadows dim  
Of Olivet, His evening hymn.

"How blessed the swineherd's low estate,  
The beggar crouching at the gate,  
The leper, loathly and abhorred,  
Whose eyes of flesh beheld the Lord!

"O sacred soil His sandals pressed!  
Sweet fountains of His noonday rest!  
O, light and air of Palestine,  
Impregnate with His life divine!

"O, bear me thither! Let me look  
On Siloa's pool, and Kedron's brook—  
Kneel at Gethsemane, and by  
Gennesaret walk, before I die!

"Methinks this cold and northern night  
Would melt before that Orient light;  
And, wet by Hermon's dew and rain,  
My childhood's faith revive again!"

So spake my friend, one autumn day,  
Where the still river slid away  
Beneath us, and above the brown  
Red curtains of the woods shut down.

Then said I;—for I could not brook  
The mute appealing of his look—  
"I, too, am weak, and faith is small,  
And blindness happeneth unto all.

"Yet sometimes glimpses on my sight,  
Through present wrong, the eternal right;  
And, step by step, since time began,  
I see the steady gain of man;

"That all of good the past hath had  
Remains to make our own time glad—  
Our common, daily life divine,  
And every land a Palestine.

"Thou weariest of thy present state;  
What gain to thee time's holiest date?  
The doubter now perchance had been  
As High Priest or as Pilate then!

"What thought Chorazin's scribes? What faith  
In Him had Nain and Nazareth?  
Of the few followers whom he led,  
One sold Him—all forsook and fled.

"O, Friend! we need nor rock nor sand,  
Nor storied stream of Morning-Land;  
The heavens are glassed in Merrimack—  
What more could Jordan render back?

"We lack but open eye and ear  
To find the Orient's marvels here;  
The still, small voice in autumn's hush,  
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

"For still the new transcends the old  
In signs and tokens manifold;—  
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves  
With roots deep-set in battle graves!

"Through the harsh noises of our day,  
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;  
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,  
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

"That song of Love, now low and far—  
Ere long shall swell from star to star—  
That light, the breaking day, which tips  
The golden-spired Apocalypse!"

From Hogg's Instructor.

SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER LYTTON,  
BART.

"NOWHERE is painting, by pen or pencil, so inadequate as in delineating spiritual nature. The pyramid can be measured in geometric feet, and the draughtsman represents it with all its environment, on canvas, accurately to the eye; nay, Mont Blanc is embossed in colored stucco, and we have his very type and miniature fac-simile in our museums. But for great men, let him who would know such pray that he may see them daily face to face; for, in the dim distance, and by the eye of imagination, our vision, do what we may, will be too imperfect." These are the words of him who is *facile princeps* among the biographic essayists of the day; they are used by him as he commences to convey to his speaking canvas the lines and features of Schiller's intellectual countenance. Of Schiller, he knew very much more than could be gathered from his artistic productions; he had perused his letters, he knew each event of his history, he could tell how he had comported himself in each remarkable occurrence of his life. And yet he says, and says most truly, that more than all this was necessary; and his words apply to men who cannot be distinctively called great. But how are the difficulties of the task of the mental portrait-painter increased, if the private history of the man whom he portrays is almost entirely unknown to him; if he has to draw every tint, not from the living face of nature and life, but as seen through the multiform and changing media of published works! To produce a likeness of the man, of which he can say with unflinching confidence that it is true, is well-nigh impossible. It is so mainly for two reasons; because, in the first place, the artist should not confound himself with his creations, and because, secondly, the sentiments of the lip and pen may be very different from those which find embodiment in the action and the life.

You can discover from the works of an artist what are his powers, but precisely in proportion to his perfection as an artist will he conceal what are his feelings, what he himself is. Shakspeare, as all critics have remarked, bodies forth every creation with the definite individuality of life; you cannot say Shakspeare speaks more in the mystic contemplation of Hamlet than in the gross actualism of the gravedigger, in the kingly tones of Othello than in the intense, lynx-eyed baseness of Iago, in the ethereal music of Ariel than in the tuneless groanings of Caliban; in each instance, there is the self-originated utterance of distinct existence. In the case of Goethe the same holds true, though, certainly, less completely. In Milton, despite what has

been said of his self-consciousness, we must recognize the same crowning merit. In inferior artists, again, this power of individual creation becomes weaker; in Schiller, in Byron, and even in Shelley, subjective elements forever mingle with, and render imperfect, the creations of art. In all cases, the truer the artist, the more difficult is it, in his productions, to discern the reflection of the man.

It is too true, on the other hand, that the utterance of the artist may by no means consist with the actions of the man; and even where traces of self-portraiture are manifest, we cannot be assured that they will not deceive us. The end of man, as we have known for one or two millenniums, is an action, not a thought; and in this truth is involved the following—that the test of manhood is action, and not thought, or at least ostensible thought. Were the history of Coleridge utterly unknown, at what strange conclusions respecting his personal character would we probably arrive! To mention but one of his poems and one trait of character, let us imagine ourselves forming our idea of his energy from the "Religious Musings." What clearness, we would say, what fiery earnestness, what strength as of a world-volcano heaving mountains at the stars! Nor would the study of the "Friend" materially affect our decision; and we would probably arrive at the ultimate conclusion, that the man Coleridge had been certainly of a lofty, contemplative mind, but that his high ideal soul had rolled majestically along on the wheels of action. And yet, who can for a moment forget that the writer of "Religious Musings" furnishes in his own person the most melancholy instance upon record of the separation between action and thought! The subject of our present notice here comes to help us out of our difficulty, or rather to assist us in convincing the reader that it is a great difficulty of which we speak. "If it were necessary," says Sir Edward, "that practice squared with precept. . . our monitors would be few. . . Our opinions, young Englishmen, are the angel part of us; our actions the earthly." Yet it is only the angel part that we generally find in the works of an author, and, if he is a perfect artist, we shall get not even this, but merely the objective creations of art, over which, save in imparting to them life, the artist has strictly no power. In writing of our hero, we should always like to consult his valet.

Moved by these and like considerations, we do not feel ourselves entitled to pronounce an authoritative decision, which would embrace his whole character, respecting the distinguished man whose portrait we on this occasion present to our readers. We do not know enough of Sir Edward to speak of him as a man; we address ourselves to consider him



as a writer. And surely here the task which presents itself to our view is of a difficult nature. To specify the works of Sir Edward would fill a paragraph; to give the most cursory view of each to our readers, would fill half a number; to consider each fully in its artistic perfection, its relation to the author's mind, and its bearing upon the age, would fill a large and tensely written volume. It is evident that selection must be made, and that minute delineations cannot be attempted; but even on such conditions we feel that the work of compression will be difficult. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, in his aspect of literary man, comes before us in four different characters at the very least; as novelist, as poet, as historian, and as public teacher. To these we might add the characters of translator, political writer and dramatist; but we prefer embracing these under one or other of the titles above specified. We shall conduct our brief survey in the order we have adopted above; and first, of Sir Edward as novelist.

The vast prevalence of the fictitious style of composition in the present day cannot fail to strike the most casual observer. It is a sign, and an important sign, of the times. Much were to be said upon the subject, did space permit, but we are compelled to condense our remarks into the smallest possible compass. Sir Edward himself has cast his eye, upon the phenomenon, and favored us with deliverance thereon. "Literature," he says in a note to his "Athens"—"literature commences with poetical fiction, and usually terminates with prose fiction. It was so in the ancient world—it will be so with England and France. The harvest of novels is, I fear, a sign of the approaching exhaustion of the soul." This is certainly an opinion which by no means flatters that department of literature which the speaker has so brilliantly adorned; but we fear it contains much of truth. When men, like overgrown children, cry out for amusement, and when authors, responding to the cry, all rush forward with their wares, careless in great part of artistic merit, and adopting as their motto the words, "who peppers the highest is surest to please," the prospects of literature may be considered dark. Why gird on the armor of the legionary, when the light arms are as effective; why earnestly gaze on the face of nature for the revelation of the beautiful, or dig sedulously in the mines of thought for the true, if tinsel *passés* well enough with the "general reader" for the one, and pointless commonplace, or cloudy sentimentality, or mere bluster, for the other! And is not this too much the case among us at present? Towards novel-writing there is a tremendous attraction at present for every entrant into the ranks of literature; if the gold of heaven gleams elsewhere, here, at least, is the gold of earth.

Deterioration in quality must accompany excessive increase in quantity; public taste may thus come to be fatally tainted; and so the result apprehended by Sir Edward seems too likely to ensue. But we would cling to a better hope. We think a task devolves upon criticism, and a very important one; we believe that an enlightened, uncompromising, and impartial criticism might do much. Surely, if criticism were well awake, certain gross deviations from anything like artistic correctness would not be suffered to continue; and most gross are the absurdities and artistic blunders committed in this very department of novel-writing. We believe the novel to be a form of composition admitting the exercise of the highest genius, adapted to convey most powerfully the noblest instruction, and peculiarly suited to embrace statements or solutions of the great problems of humanity. We cannot, we regret to say, enter at any length upon the subject here. Suffice it to say, that the novel, at least as strictly as any other form of composition, must be *true*. The garb is simply nothing; it may be of gold, or it may be of iron, but the truth it contains is the matter of importance. In what sense, then, must a novel be true, since its plot is known to be a mere form of delivery? It must be true to nature. To say it may be ideal and above nature, is to fall into an error in critical analysis; the ideal is as much natural as the actual; it belongs to the domain of spiritual nature, which is surely as real as physical nature. But the formula "true to nature" may seem vague, and must be more accurately defined. The province of the novel, in its widest expression, is life; life in every aspect, under every condition of circumstance; life as bounded by the laws of the actual world we live in, or life under the conditions of a perfect humanity and a perfect social system. As its province is life, so the actors in the novel are drawn from life in all its aspects; hence the ultimate work of the novelist is to portray character. Here, again, we must guard against error from a misconception of the ideal. Character may be true to nature, though it has no actual present existence on the earth; but it must ever be true to the conditions of humanity. The nature with which the ideal concerns and connects itself, is a nobler nature than the actual; if we consider well, we will find that the actual is, in a true and important sense, less natural than the ideal; for the ideal is always some bodying forth of that first and noble nature from which humanity has fallen, and to which, beyond the portals of time, it shall yet attain. To portray the ideal is the highest possible effort of the novelist; as indeed it is of the epic poet and dramatist.

But this is a province which has hardly been

trodden, and, we suspect, not trodden very successfully. Bulwer has made a noble attempt, and at least indicated the path. In general, however, we must be content with life in its actual forms; nay, so far from absolute perfection are we, that it affords us extreme delight when we meet with anything like a true delineation of actual existence. To specify and illustrate the errors to which novelists are exposed in depicting actual life, would exhaust our space. The principal may be classified under, or inferred from, the following categories:—1st. The conversion of man into mere embodiments of certain passions; the representation of life as one wild hurly-burly of passionate excitement, without making allowance for the continual drizzling rain of custom, which so cools the heated brain, and dims the fiery eye, in every-day existence; 2d. The failure in what we must call the right depicting of silence; oblivion to the sure fact, that men, when they feel most deeply, speak least, and, indeed, if men of action, are not much given to embody their thoughts, and much less their feelings, in words at all; 3d. The grouping, as characters of fiction, of mere oafs and human oddities, which are sometimes, unhappily, met with separately, but never in great abundance or connection, in the actual world; 4th. The imputation to the characters portrayed of an intellectual nature solely, and not only a superiority to, but an absence of, passion.

We shall glance at five of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's novels, as indicative at once of his powers, of their development, and of their result. These five we may name ere commencing our survey: "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," "Rienzi," "Zanoni," "The Caxtons."

"Pelham" was the first work in which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton fairly caught the ear of the world. It was begun, he informs us, at the age of eighteen; it was published in 1828. It might be pronounced a clever, promising book, shallow in itself, but what might be called profound in the circumstances. It appears, certainly, incorrect to style it the sympathetic portrait of a dandy; the satire with which it abounds is surely sufficiently palpable. Yet "the gentleman" is not here drawn, so to speak, in his deepest nature; Bulwer himself, we make bold to aver, will now furnish us with a definition of that character far truer than could have been penned by Pelham. In "Pelham" we have a delineation, which may be allowed to pass muster, of the external layer of the gentleman; we have a correct enough exhibition of those laws which draw their authority from those strange entities, fashion and etiquette, and of the exterior wrappings in which, as in a uniform, he who would be pronounced by them a gentleman must array himself. He, who has the calamity to be thus esteemed by

these sickly but malignant phantoms, must be "an honorable man"—that is, being interpreted, must be ready, at a moment's notice, to blow into air that which occupies the place where brain should be, in the cranium of an adversary, or to have his own hat-supporting apparatus similarly shattered; he must, with heroic martyr spirit, endure to have his body compressed, or distended, or distorted, as the cross-legged hierophant, fashion's high-priest, ordains; he must have a shrinking terror at the vulgar, and must never fall into the gross error of imagining, that one can deserve honor as a man, if he is not also entitled to honor as a man of fashion. That Pelham laughed at much of this, is true; but that Pelham would have stretched out his hand to Robert Burns, joined with him in pealing forth "A man's a man for a' that," and recognized him for a true-born gentleman, is beyond our faith. That Bulwer's heart would leap as his hand touched that of such a man as Burns at the present day, we well know.

"Pelham," then, was the portraiture of a man of the world—a dandy of superior species, but yet pretty clearly distinguishable from the species, man. In other respects the book possessed many claims to attention. It has not a few powerful passages. The conception of Gertrude, telling her sorrows, just before death, by the light of the silent and beautiful moon, to him who loved her unutterably, is very fine; and the picture of Tyrrel's death-scene, though it has perhaps a barely perceptible touch of the theatrical sublime, is vivid, and artistically finished. A literary diviner, on reading "Pelham," might have said, that man will go far, he will soon shake off the dandiacal rings and tippets, and move men, for he has been in the sibyllic cave of passion, and can paint what he saw there.

Bulwer's powers had ripened considerably by practice and experience, ere he wrote "Eugene Aram." "It saw the light in 1831." We demur somewhat to the estimate of this fiction by an influential writer of the day. "Eugene Aram," says Mr. Gilfillan, "seems to us as lamentable a perversion of talent as the literature of the age has exhibited. . . . The morality, too, of the tale, seems to us detestable. The feelings with which you rise from its perusal, or, at least, with which the author seems to wish you to rise, are of regret and indignation, that, for the sin of an hour, such a noble being should perish, as if he would insinuate the wisdom of quarrel (how vain!) with the laws of retribution." Now we wish it to be distinctly understood, that we do not here join issue in any assertion which cannot be made and proven, to the effect that Bulwer has wandered from psychological truth; but we must assert, both, that the charge against the morality is either null

or far too strongly put, and that the true test of the psychological correctness of Bulwer's delineation, is, in some respects, different from that which is applied above. It seems to us to be the aim of the novelist to delineate those strange influences, and their effects, which so often and so strangely chequer the wondrous web of life; to show how a mind of radically noble temper may be lured into sin, by Satan cunningly arrayed in the seraphic garb, and wearing the seraphic smile; how the golden atmosphere of noble youthful enthusiasm may, in this strange world of ours, cast heavenly hues over the fiendly visage of crime. That such cases do occur, is surely undeniable; and if such cases there are, or if, in consistence with psychological truth, they are conceivable, we can see no argument which can be forcibly urged against their use. As to the morality, we think it admits a strong defence. Sir Edward himself says — "No moral can be more impressive than that which teaches how man can entangle himself in his own sophisms — that moral is better, viewed aright, than volumes of homilies." Surely this is more than plausible. We venture distinctly to state the moral bearing of the work in these two propositions: — "1st. It points out, with terrific emphasis, the fatal error of listening to the faintest suggestions of sin, to the most plausible side-speeches of crime. Burns counselled well when he advised his young friend to pause on the instant that his honor (let us say conscience) warned him, 'debarbarrin' a' side pretences.'" Bulwer has embodied the lesson magnificently. 2d. It exhibits with like power the inevitable retribution that awaits crime; it points to the inflexible Fury tracking the blood-stained; it shows chance, and concealment, and hopes, and all, crushed in the resistless jaws of law. This is made the more striking by the allegation of the fact, that Eugene did actually not strike the death-blow; participation in the crime was fatal. Surely we must not expect a novelist to turn aside to state in terms what his tale imports — it is in the events of the plot, in the fate of the characters, that he is expected to teach. The whole tale of "Eugene Aram," as told by Bulwer, is a magnificent assertion of the majesty and the power of justice.

We have said, we do not mean to inquire into the psychological correctness of Bulwer's portraiture of Eugene Aram; we do not assert its correspondence with the actual Aram, but would only indicate generally the nature of the test proper to be applied. The writer of fiction is, by the form of composition he has adopted, released from the bondage of those rules which govern certain other departments of literary production; he is not bound, for instance, as the historian, to the precise narration of what did in any

historical epoch or event actually happen. His range is far wider; he may never depart from nature, but he may work his will with circumstances; he may step to the farthest bounds of the possible; he may shape the conditions of his problems as he will, provided that he always works them out correctly. We are disposed to think, that a very considerable approximation to correctness has been made; but we deny not, that strong objections may be taken; that especially Bulwer might be pressed by the question, Is it possible for a household devil, in the shape of the consciousness of being a murderer, to dwell in a man's bosom, without tainting the whole atmosphere? Would it not, with its green malignant eye, wither every noble aspiration? Would it not forever close the heart against the entrance of heaven-born love, and open it only to earth-born or hell-born lust? Would it not weaken purpose, or convert it into stubbornness? Could the same bosom be the dwelling of one great sin, one all-pervading hypocrisy, and also of virtue? There is one circumstance among the data of the problem, which, whether Sir Edward attached such importance to it or not, actually renders his solution either correct, or so nearly so, that it were hypercritical to arraign him. Eugene Aram, according to Bulwer, *did not strike the blow which occasioned death*; and we can well imagine this circumstance constituting, in his own eyes, a valid base on which to rear his self-defence, his vindication to his own breast. We conclude the whole matter thus: Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in the novel of "Eugene Aram," has, with very great ability, performed the task which he appointed himself; a profound mental and moral analysis will detect imperfection in his character of Aram; but the whole book resistlessly preaches the madness of dalliance with crime, and the utter inability of mortal man to escape the scrutiny and vengeance of the Infinite Eye; while, as seems clear to us, the sympathy demanded from the reader is not intended for, and can scarce be conceivably accorded to, the crime, or excite a murmur against the iron majesty of justice.

Considered generally, "Eugene Aram" indicated a great improvement in the author's powers. The style is more continuous, more sustained, and riper, than in "Pelham;" the painting is far richer and mellow, the colors are more artistically blended, the knowledge is deeper and wider. The love of Madeline is such as might inhabit where the emotions of an angel were joined with the intellect of a woman; so true, so pure, so lofty; Faith and Love ever at the door of the heart to turn away the cold suggestions of doubting Reason. The effect of Eugene's speech at the trial, upon Madeline, as contrasted with that

upon old Lester and the judge — the calm, beautiful, satisfied smile which lit up her wan features — is a golden letter from the very handwriting of nature.

But we must hurry on. Of "Rienzi," published some five or six years after "Eugene Aram," we shall not say much. It is a novel of passion; we miss the simplicity of life; amid the tumultuous emotions and gorgeous scenes, we can scarce believe that we are treading the solid old earth. Its style is one of sustained brilliancy; now it is mellowed and shaded into soft, delicate beauty, now it rises into startling grandeur — it never subsides into commonplace or dulness. Here, we think, Bulwer's portraiture of love, in which he has perhaps no living equal, attains its consummate flower. We scarce know to which of his delineations of this passion, in the novel before us, to accord the palm; to the weak, womanly Adeline, who is strong only in love, who is strong enough to die beautifully, but not to live well; to the complete, ineradicable devotion of Irene, so mild, but so all-subduing, so spontaneous, so self-sacrificing; or to the proud love of Nina, gazing in haughty self-reliance and self-satisfaction on all the world beside, but losing all pride for self as she gazes on one who has given her a being nobler than self. Adeline is the soft, flower-like woman, waving beautifully in the summer gale of gladness, but withering in the winter blast; Irene is the human angel, of whom poets have so long sung; Nina is the queen, worthy to reign with and to die for, her husband-king. Bulwer has surpassed himself in these portraits. Rienzi himself is a stately, noble creation; he endeavors to tread the surges, and is engulfed. We cannot stay to analyze his character. We could quote passage upon passage from this magnificent fiction, and for each passage the reader would thank us, but space forbids. We might quote the description of the plague, and the contrasted though ghastly beauties of the garden whither the half-insane youths and maidens had retired; or we might quote the description of the final scene of terror and woe. These would show Bulwer's power as a painter of the terrific; but we think the mildly beautiful is fully as much his province, and prefer giving two short passages, not as specimens of his power, so much as glances into the gorgeous scenes described. Neither the one nor the other requires comment; we only say of the first, that the scene is Italy: — "The last rays of the sun quivered on the wave that danced musically over its stony bed; and, amidst a little copse on the opposite bank, broke the brief and momentary song of such of the bolder habitants of that purple air, as the din of the camp had not scared from their green retreat. The clouds

lay motionless to the west, in that sky so darkly and intensely blue, never seen but over the landscapes that a Claude or a Rosa loved to paint; and dim and delicious rose-hues gathered over the gray peaks of the distant Apennines. From afar floated the hum of the camp, broken by the neigh of returning steeds, the blast of an occasional bugle, and, at regular intervals, by the armed tramp of the neighboring sentry. And, opposite to the end of the copse, upon a rising ground, matted with reeds, moss, and waving shrubs, were the ruins of some old Etruscan building, whose name had perished, whose very uses were unknown." Better still are the following superb pair of portraits: — "Flowers dropped on his path, kerchiefs and banners waved from every house; tears might be seen coursing, unheeded, down bearded cheeks; youth and age were kneeling together, with uplifted hands, invoking blessings on the head of the restored. On he came, the Senator-Tribune — *'the Phoenix to his pyre!'*"

"Robed in scarlet, that literally blazed with gold, his proud head bared in the sun, and bending to the saddle-bow, Rienzi passed slowly through the throng. Not in the flush of that hour were visible, on his glorious countenance, the signs of disease and care, the very enlargement of his proportions gave a greater majesty to his mien. Hope sparkled in his eye, triumph and empire sat upon his brow. The crowd could not contain themselves; they pressed forward, each upon each, anxious to catch the glance of his eye, to touch the hem of his robe. He himself was deeply affected by their joy. He halted; with faltering and broken words, he attempted to address them. 'I am repaid,' he said — 'repaid for all; may I live to make you happy.' . . . Upon a steed, caparisoned with cloth of gold, in snow-white robes, studded with gems that flashed back the day, came the beautiful and regal Nina. The memory of her pride, her ostentation, all forgotten in that moment, she was scarce less welcome, scarce less idolized, than her lord. And her smile, all radiant with joy, her lips quivering with proud and elate emotion, never had she seemed at once so born alike for love and for command — a Zenobia passing through the pomp of Rome, not a captive, but a queen."

We shall make but one other quotation from "Rienzi;" it is one of those brief utterances which occasionally leap, attired in perfect poetic beauty, from the brain of Bulwer: "God never made genius to be envied! We envy not the sun, but rather the valleys that ripen beneath his beams."

"Zanoni" appeared in 1842; we think it unquestionably Bulwer's highest effort. In it the novelist fearlessly enters those lofty



regions where the poet and the prophet alone can steadily tread; he attempts the delineation of the ideal; by the keen light of the soul, he daringly endeavors to penetrate the clouds and earthly mists which encompass humanity, and, dashing them aside by the mighty hand of genius, to reveal to men what a man may conceivably be. He oversteps the bounds of the actual, and endeavors to give us a glimpse of that higher natural, which we call the ideal.

We feel ourselves here most irksomely restrained by the limits of our paper, so many and so important questions present themselves to our consideration in treating of "Zanoni." We shall abstain from general commendation, and endeavor, compressing our thoughts as in a vice, first, to convey to our readers the general philosophic point or import of the book; and, secondly, to indicate, in a few remarks, the relation of such a work, and of the ideal in general, to Christianity. We commence with a few quotations; we open a few windows, through which we may see into the whole temple.

"Wisdom, contemplating mankind, leads but to the two results—compassion or disdain. He who believes in other worlds can accustom himself to look on this as a naturalist on the revolutions of an ant-hill or of a leaf. What is the earth to Infinity—what its duration to the Eternal! Oh, how much greater is the soul of one man than the vicissitudes of the whole globe! Child of heaven, and heir of immortality, how from some star hereafter wilt thou look back on the ant-hill and its commotions, from Clovis, to Robespierre, from Noah to the Final Fire! The spirit that can contemplate, that lives only in the intellect, can ascend to its star, even from the midst of the burial-ground called Earth, and while the sarcophagus called Life immures in its clay the Everlasting!"

..... "At the entrance to all the grander worlds dwell the race that intimidate and awe. Who in the daily world ever left the old regions of custom and proscription, and felt not the first seizure of the shapeless and nameless Fear?" ..... "Faith builds in the dungeon and the lazar-house its sublimest shrines; and up, through roofs of stone, that shut out the eye of heaven, ascends the ladder where the angels glide to and fro—PRAYER." ..... "When Science falls as a firework from the sky it would invade, when Genius withers as a flower in the breath of the icy chanel, the hope of a childlike soul wraps the air in light, and the innocence of unquestioning belief covers the grave with blossoms." ..... "Oh, artist! haunted one! Oh, erring Genius! Behold thy two worst foes—the False Ideal that knows no God, and the False

Love that burns from the corruption of the senses, and takes no lustre from the soul."

If these passages are well pondered, they will, we think, convey to the reader a correct and pretty comprehensive idea of the nature of the work from which they are selected; we need scarce pause to remark, that very much of it has come over from the fatherland. Our first quotation indicates the general tone of the book; its superiority to mere temporal, actual, earthly things. The second, a very important passage, points out the place which fear occupies in the machinery of the work, and utters grandly the grand fact, that, as a preliminary to all nobility and excellence, the soul must be courageous. The third and fourth proclaim the all-importance of faith, of belief, as contra-distinguished from logical inference and understanding. The fifth may be considered as the general summing up of the purport of the book, the assertion of the necessity to a true intellectual ideal of the belief in a God, and the necessity to a true emotional ideal of the purification of the soul from all sensual desire.

The whole atmosphere of "Zanoni" is pure and ennobling; it promulgates certain great and perennial truths; we can scarcely conceive any one arising from its perusal without being raised to a region of lofty and yet healthful sentiment. We do not say that its analysis is always so penetrating as to cut to the very truth; we suspect an incorrect conclusion, running through all our modern criticism, in the difference asserted between faith, and intellectual, or, if it must be said, logical belief; we think, also, that the distinction between science and art, between the ideal and the natural, is inaccurately defined. But the book is a noble one.

Of the relation of the ideal to Christianity we can say but a word or two. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton errs always, and errs radically, when he speaks of Schiller's ideal, or any other ideal, of Schiller's ethical system or any other ethical system, as Christian, or as agreeing with Christianity in essence. The highest possible approach, which human intellect can make to Christianity is to develop its ethics. If conscience, aided by intellect and knowledge, can do this, it is its utmost: but Christianity is distinguished forever from all such systems. It is a power, not a system; creates not a certain set of opinions, but a life. In Christianity a directly supernatural power is brought to bear on the whole nature of man; and to him who declares himself a Christian we put this one testing question: "Do you believe in that change which is called the second birth—do you believe in the direct action of the Deity on the human mind in conversion?" The most perfect ethical system, the most diligent practice of correct



ethical rules, will never change man's heart, or make him holy there. The lever may be sound; but, to move mankind, it must find some fulcrum beyond the earth on which to turn. An ethical system may be a lever—Christianity alone is a lever in the hand of the mighty God. Besides all this, we cannot see the fairness of the assertion that certain systems purely human are Christian, when "the Deity" is all that we have for the triune Christian God. We can grant no man the Christian name, who is not Christian in some sense which would not apply to Socrates. But, however Bulwer may err in other places in talking of Christianity, we cannot bring the charge against "Zanoni;" or, if we did, it would be rather by inference than by direct evidence. If Christianity is taken as true, then every part of the work before us is in admirable place, as an unfolding of certain portions—perhaps the most important portions—of its ethics; and this supposition we think ourselves justified in making in Bulwer's favor. If the ideal in "Zanoni" is revealed as a system which can renovate the world, it is powerless—it is dead.

The style in which "Zanoni" is written is very much adorned. We could imagine Sir Edward having Richter in eye as he composed it; though, even in translation, we can recognize a deeper and softer mellowness of coloring, a more profound poetic love for nature, and a richer ideality in Richter than in Bulwer. The passages we have quoted may remind readers of the schreck verses in "Walt and Vult;" and we must still quote one passage, which we pronounce gorgeous, and which, we think, would not have dishonored Richter. It is part of a description of Mount Vesuvius; "The little party had now arrived nearly at the summit of the mountain, and unspeakably grand was the spectacle on which they gazed. From the crater arose a vapor, intensely dark, that overspread the whole background of the heavens; in the centre whereof rose a flame, that assumed a form singularly beautiful. It might have been compared to a crest of gigantic feathers, the diadem of the mountain, high-arched, and drooping downward, with the hues delicately shaded off, and the whole shifting and tremulous as the plumage on a warrior's helm." It would be difficult to find half-a-dozen finer figures than this in the literature of the century.

If "Zanoni" is Bulwer's highest effort as a novelist, and contains the noblest passages he has ever penned, "The Caxtons—a Family Picture," we would pronounce, as a whole, his most perfect work. In "Pelham," he had held the mirror up to nature in one of her most fantastic products—the dandy; grant that he laughed considerably at the picture, yet that code of morality which is essentially different from the dandiacal was not unfolded;

in "Eugene Aram," he had ventured into a dangerous region, and represented life under abnormal conditions; in "Rienzi" he had painted passion with all the fiery colors which belong to it, but we scarce saw the firm ground of life under its burning feet; in "Zanoni," the delineation of the ideal was boldly, and with singular success, attempted; in "The Caxtons," the face of the true gentleman is at length unveiled, the atmosphere is healthy, the action of passion is shown, but it is assigned its own, and only its own, place; the ideal is restricted to the realizable, and the picture is—life.

No dandy could have said this: "*De-fine-gentlemanise* yourself from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot, and become the greater aristocrat for so doing; for he is more than an aristocrat, he is a king, who suffices in all things for himself—who is his own master, because he needs no *valetaille*." The man who wrote the following had looked upon life with a calmer eye than that of passion: "My father's reply to this letter was what might be expected. It gently reinforced the old lessons in the distinctions between aspirations towards the perfecting ourselves—aspirations that are never in vain—and the morbid passion of applause from others, which shifts conscience from our own bosoms to the confused Babel of the crowd, and calls it 'fame.' But my father, in his counsels, did not seek to oppose a mind so obstinately bent upon a single course—he sought rather to guide and strengthen it in the way it should go. The seas of human life are wide. Wisdom may suggest the voyage, but it must first look to the condition of the ship, and the nature of the merchandise to exchange. Not every vessel that sails from Tarshish can bring back the gold of Ophir; but shall it, therefore, rot in the harbor! No; give its sails to the wind!"

The characters, too, of this masterly fiction are singularly true. In drawing Mrs. Caxton, it would seem that the writer had studiously rejected every fictitious grace, had flung aside every tint which might be borrowed from passion, and determined, be the portrait what it might, that it would be to the life. The result has been that Mrs. Caxton is scarce so much a fictitious as a historic personage; she is the gentleman's wife of the nineteenth century; she is the exact representative of thousands. A greater intellectual power might have been imputed with perfect truth, but even this aid the novelist scorned; and he has succeeded in producing one of the most perfect and truly lovable characters in the whole range of fiction. Uncle Jack is most cleverly sketched, and almost every line is from nature. Austin and Roland are both true to the time and to nature. Love, too, as it generally exists in the nineteenth century,

is admirably portrayed; in the present time, in one case out of a hundred, it may be the natural, spontaneous, noble growth of the soul; while, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, it is the fruit of calculation or policy; in other words, in rare instances it deserves the name—in the vast majority of matches there is only its counterfeit. It is observable that every important love-match in the book goes awry, except that of Pisistratus and Blanche; and, although it may be said that this is but in accordance with the old adage, yet we must remark the circumstance, that love here does not, after a troubled course, settle finally into a quiet woodland cove, as is the approved plan; it leaps over a ledge, and disappears in darkness. This is, perhaps, more accidental than intentional on the part of the novelist, but it is, nevertheless, true: in our present mechanical life, be it an improvement or be it not, the place of emotion is, save in rare conjunctions of circumstance, supplied by calculation.

In "The Caxtons," we have, we venture to think, the final development of Sir Edward's powers—the final product of his mind; we have that calmness which marks the greatest strength, that serenity which marks the truest wisdom, that unostentatious, peaceful dignity which marks perfection of style. We confer upon it very high praise, when we say that here Bulwer has shown himself possessed of true humor, of sympathy, we shall not say with the low, but with the humble, the homely, we might almost say the ridiculous; he has proved that he can convey to his pages those little occurrences which none but the keenest eye can see, and with which only the warmest heart can sympathize, which, as it were naïvely, wrinkle the face of life with smiles. The opening passage of "The Caxtons," commencing with "It's a boy," is a sample of delicate and genuine humor, of a far higher sort than finds place in his other works, and far above the region of fun.

So much for Sir Edward as a novelist, in which character, certainly, he has won his greenest laurels; our glance at him in his other capacities must be very brief, for he has entered the lists in every form of contest, and competed for every crown.

Sir Edward is willing to stake his fame on "King Arthur;" we are happy it is out of his power to do so. He will never be considered a great poet. And he may be somewhat astonished when we assure him, that the very fact which he adduces as a presumptive proof that his great poem must be good, seems to us to be the great cause of its defects. For twenty years he devoted himself to prose composition, and then took up his harp to sing us an epic song. We suspect that twenty years of prose extinguished his power of melody; that his voice lost tune.

We do not positively assert that he was born for a poet; but, considering that his first honors were won in the livery of the Muses, we think it very probable that, had he devoted his life to poetry, his ear might have so improved, and his perception of the beautiful in sound so sharpened, that he might finally have succeeded in linking the beautiful in sound to the beautiful in sight, and so producing the highest embodiment of beauty—a poem. But, after twenty years of prose, to return to the jealous Muses! We fear they will never recognize thee for a true singer, but pluck thee for a syren.

We think "King Arthur" is deficient in three respects: in melody, in blended poetic wholeness, and in belief, or the power of inspiring such. The melody is often trancingly sweet, but is somewhat monotonous, and occasionally stiff; the parts do not blend into each other, almost invisibly, yet without any loss of clearness, as they ought, and as they do, for instance, in Milton; and, last and fatal fault, the reader does not for a moment believe, or think that the author believes—Imagination does not fling her gold-dust in the eyes of Reason, so as to change for a moment their cold, scrutinizing light. In illustration and proof of this last assertion, read the following stanzas: it is impossible, in doing so, not to think that the author is laughing in his sleeve at the whole affair; the subject is the departure of Arthur:—

In street and mart still plies the busy craft;

Still beauty trims for stealthy steps the bower;

By lips as gay the Hircan horn is quaff;

To the dark bourne still flies as fast the hour,

As when in Arthur men adored the sun;

And life's large rainbow took its hues from One!

Yet ne'er by prince more loved a crown was worn,

And hadst thou ventured but to hint the doubt

That loyal subjects ever ceased to mourn,

And that, without him, earth was joy without,

Thou soon hadst joined in certain warm dominions

The horned friends of pestilent opinions.

This is admirable, if the feat given is to hop, at a moment's notice, from the sublime to the ridiculous; if a rather poor and stale joke is, in the circumstances, utterly inconsistent with epic grandeur, the stanzas are utterly inadmissible.

But we might say much, too, very much, in praise of the poem. It contains numberless splendid lines; certain of its portraits, as that of the Vandal king, are drawn with amazing truth and point, and a very great command of imagery is shown.

The following picture of Arthur and Ægle we think extremely beautiful:—

Lo! the sweet valley in the flush of eve!

Lo! side by side, where through the rose arcade

Steals the love-star, the hero and the maid!

Silent they gaze into each other's eyes,  
 Stirring the inmost soul's unquiet sleep ;  
 So pierce soft starbeams blending wave and skies,  
 Some holy fountain trembling to its deep !  
 Bright to each eye each human heart is bare,  
 And scarce a thought to start an angel there !

Before them, at the distance, o'er the blue  
 Of the sweet waves which girt the rosy isle,  
 Flitted light shapes the inwoven alleys through ;  
 Remotely mellowed, musical the while,  
 Floated the hum of voices, and the sweet  
 Lutes chimed with timbrels to dim glancing feet.

The calm swan rested on the breathless glass  
 Of dreamy waters, and the snow-white steer  
 Near the opposing margin, motionless,  
 Stood, knee-deep, gazing wistful on its clear  
 And life-like shadow, shimmering deep and far,  
 Where on the lucid darkness fell the star.

And when, at last, from Ægle's lips, the voice  
 Came soft as murmured hymns at closing day,  
 The sweet sound seemed the sweet air to rejoice —  
 To give the sole charm wanting — to convey  
 The crowning music to the musical ;  
 As with the soul of love infusing all !

We cannot, we regret extremely, give the  
 whole scene : the following is in a different,  
 though kindred, style ; it illustrates well Bul-  
 wer's command of the stores of beauty con-  
 tained in the Greek mythology : —

Spring on the Polar seas ! not violent-crowned  
 By dewy Hours, nor to cerulean halls  
 Melodious hymned, yet Light itself around  
 Her stately path sheds starry coronals.  
 Sublime she comes, as when, from Dis set free,  
 Came, through the flash of Jove, Persephone.

She comes — that grand Aurora of the North !  
 By steeds of fire her glorious chariot borne,  
 From Boreal courts, the meteors flaming forth,  
 Ope heaven on heaven, before the mighty Morn,  
 And round the rebel giants of the Night,  
 On earth's last confines bursts the storm of Light.

Wonder and awe ! lo, where against the Sun  
 A second Sun\* his lurid front uprears !  
 As if the first-born lost Hyperion,  
 Hurled down of old from his Uranian spheres,  
 Rose from the hell-rocks on his writhings piled,  
 And glared defiance on his Titan child.

Now life, the polar life, returns once more ;  
 The reindeer roots his mosses from the snows ;  
 The whirring sea-gulls shriek along the shore ;  
 Through oozing rills the cygnet gleaming goes ;  
 And, where the ice some happier verdure frees,  
 Laugh into light frank-eyed anemones.

So much for "King Arthur ;" its beauties  
 almost make us exclaim, "The power of lan-  
 guage could no farther go ;" its faults are per-  
 haps all embraced in these words, "it lacks  
 the unconscious fervor of poetry."

"The New Timon" is keen, clear, spark-

\* The apparition of two or more suns in the Polar  
 firmament is well known.

ling, swift-flowing ; in melody free and firm,  
 in diction flashing, in spirit kindly and true ;  
 we suppose there are very few similar pieces  
 of higher merit in the language. This por-  
 trait of Lord John Russell justifies, and more  
 than justifies, all we have said : —

Next, cool and all unconscious of reproach,  
 Comes the calm "Johnny who upset the coach."  
 How formed to lead, if not too proud to please —  
 His face would fire you, but his manners freeze.  
 Like or dislike, he does not care a jot ;  
 He wants your vote, but your affection not.  
 Yet human hearts need sun as well as oats —  
 So cold a climate plays the deuce with votes.  
 And while his doctrines ripen day by day,  
 His frost-nipped party pines itself away ;  
 From the starved wretch its own loved child we  
 steal,  
 And "Free-trade" chirrups on the lap of Peel !  
 But see our statesman when the steam is on,  
 And languid Johnny glows to glorious John !  
 When Hampden's thought, by Falkland's muses  
 drest,  
 Lights the pale cheek, and swells the generous  
 breast ;  
 When the pent heat expands the quickening soul,  
 And foremost in the race the wheels of genius roll.

In a different tone is this, but very fine : —

That wistful eye, that changing lip, that tone,  
 Whose accents drooped or gladdened, from her  
 own,  
 Haunted the woman's heart, which ever heaves  
 Its echo back to every sound that grieves.  
 Light as the gossamer its tissue spins  
 O'er freshest dews when summer morn begins,  
 Will Fancy weave its airy web above  
 The dews of Pity, in the dawn of Love !

We may take this as the illustration of a  
 remark which applies to Sir Edward's style  
 in every form of composition ; he indulges,  
 more than any writer we know, in the per-  
 sonification of the feelings and passions, their  
 representation, without being directly decked  
 out in the attributes of the living, as actual  
 acting entities. Love, in her smile, shedding  
 dewy freshness and sunny warmth : Hate,  
 frowning with the frown of his birth-place :  
 Hope, waving her banner of woven smiles and  
 sunbeams : Despair, scowling with relentless  
 malignity on his victims — all these, and mul-  
 titudes more, figure in Sir Edward's pages.  
 When executed with poetic truth, no form of  
 adornment is more pleasing.

Of Bulwer as a translator and dramatist we  
 speak not : in the first capacity he has, if we  
 mistake not, won universal applause : in the  
 second, he combines his qualities as novelist  
 and poetical composer, making a most happy  
 compound.

As a public teacher, Sir Edward has said a  
 great deal that one may believe and follow,  
 and a great deal more that one should know.  
 With a keen, bright blade he cuts into fashion-

worship, wealth-worship, religious formalism, "respectable" baseness, and most of the sham and anomalies that lurk about our social fabric. He does not cast his eye over the time with the revealing lightning that sometimes dwells in that of Carlyle; he does not penetrate in many cases into the very root of our social evils; but he smites often with great effect, and in the proper quarter. The first of our following extracts contains a melancholy fact; the second is a clever, and doubtless a true portrait; the third we beseech our readers to take home and sleep over—they may get a glimpse of truth ere the morning:—"As the first impression the foreigner receives on entering England is that of the evidence of wealth, so the first thing that strikes the moral inquirer into our social system is the respect in which wealth is held; in some countries pleasure is the idea; in others glory, and the prouder desires of the world; but with us money is the mightiest of all deities." . . . "Mr. Bluff is the last character I shall describe in this chapter. He is the sensible, *practical* man. He despises all speculations but those in which he has a share. He is very intolerant to other people's hobby-horses; he hates both poets and philosophers. He has a great love of facts; if you could speak to him out of the multiplication table, he would think you a great orator. He does not observe how the facts are applied to the theory; he only wants the facts themselves. If you were to say to him thus, 'When abuses arise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied,' he would think you a shallow fellow—a theorist; but if you were to say to him, 'One thousand pauper children are born in London; in 1823 wheat was forty-nine shillings; hop-grounds let from ten to twelve shillings an acre, and you must, *therefore*, confess that, when abuses rise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied,' Mr. Bluff would nod his wise head, and say of you to his next neighbor, 'That's the man for my money; you see what a quantity of facts he puts into his speech.' " "Facts, like stones, are nothing in themselves, their value consists in the manner they are put together, and the purpose to which they are applied. Accordingly, Mr. Bluff is always taken in. Looking only at a fact, he does not see an inch beyond it, and you might draw him into any imprudence, if you were constantly telling him 'two and two made four.' Mr. Bluff is wonderfully English. It is by 'practical men' that we have ever been seduced into the wildest speculations; and the most preposterous of living theorists always begins his harangues with 'Now, my friends, let us look to the facts.' "

Our space is well-nigh exhausted; we cannot speak of "Athens." It shows the power of hard-working retained by him who is prob-

ably the greatest novelist of the day: it is emotionally true; sympathizing with all that is free and noble. In style it is fervid and luminous: on the whole, it is a fine book.

The general characteristic which, more than another, distinguishes the subject of our sketch is vast diffusion accompanied with extraordinary power; diffusion of energy, width of sympathy, variety of intellectual faculty. This diffusion, this width, and this variety have perhaps been equalled in extent, but they have very rarely been equalled both in range and in strength; where they have, as in the case of Southey, the fact has been the marking one in the character. Neither emotionally nor intellectually, is Sir Edward's mind determined, with overwhelming force, in any one direction; round no one subject has centred his love; to no one subject have his intellectual powers, with exclusive and concentrated force, been directed. The result has been that, in neither case, he has attained the highest degree of excellence; as a thinker, his generation will never accept him for guide, or expect from him the deepest wisdom; as a poet he has failed. The novel may be regarded as that debatable ground, between the realms of the philosophic thinker and the poet, where those who are not irresistibly fixed by nature, either in the one sphere or in the other, may find fitting development and exercise for their powers: in the department of the novel, accordingly, Sir Edward has won very high honors. In opinion, striking generally the golden mean, he is remarkably safe. In composition, he honestly avoids the fantastic, and does not appear to be haunted with the dread of commonplace, which leads so many at present astray; if he cannot win our applause by lofty excellence, he scorns to do it by stage tricks: he floats, arrayed in fairest colors, between the region of the poet and the prosa; he has not the belief, the music, the heaven-kindled enthusiasm of Milton; he has not the coldness and penetration of Butler or Foster; his poetry often degenerates into prose, his prose sometimes rises into a region of power and beauty which may be called poetic.

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer Lytton is the son of General Bulwer, of Haydon Hall, Norfolk. At college he was distinguished as a poetical prizier; an infallible indication of linguistic fluency, but almost never of poetic power. He published "*Pelham*" about the year 1827; and the order in which we have given his chief novels indicates chronologically the stages of his mind. He obtained his baronetcy from the whig government.

The firm foot is that which finds firm footing. The weak falters although it be standing upon a rock.

From Chambers' Journal.

## THE LIFE AND POETRY OF EDGAR POE.

Among the results of that spirit of enterprise which has brought us into intimate connection with the other nations of the earth, a more extended knowledge of literature is certainly not the least interesting. The triumphs of science and human energy, which have done so much to change our ideas of distance, and to give us ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the remote portions of the world, have had an effect in widening the circle of readers to such a degree, that authors may now be said to write, not for those of their own country merely, but for a world-wide public. This is especially the case in regard to those who, though separated from us by the mighty ocean, use the same language, and give expression to ideas very similar to our own. The extent to which our knowledge of American literature has increased within the last few years, is one of the most striking illustrations that could be adduced of the manner in which free communication between nation and nation contributes to the general diffusion of enlightenment, and the cultivation of an elevated taste. As may easily be supposed, our transatlantic cousins have hitherto profited most by these benefits. Their literature and art are little else as yet than reflections of our own; but we have, nevertheless, obtained some return for what they have derived from us, in the works of the more recent American authors — works which are now beginning to exhibit greater originality, and indicate the formation of what will in course of time be worthy of being considered a national literature. The poets and novelists are leading the van in this intellectual progress; for it is obvious that the specimens of American poetry with which we are now more or less familiar, evince a far higher order of genius, and more remarkable characteristics of originality, than anything of the kind which the poets of the New World formerly produced. They are distinguished by a greater degree of freshness, by a more delicate sense of the beautiful, and a higher tone of feeling; and although a great poem, in the true sense of the term, has not yet reached us from the other side of the Atlantic, not a few remarkable ones may now be pointed to in the works of such men as Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Whittier, and Poe. While the first two of these are now nearly as familiar to the lovers of poetry among us as they are in their own country, the others, equally worthy of notice, are by no means so well known as they deserve to be. Poe, as a writer of more than ordinary power, and as one who has evinced far more originality than any of his contemporaries, is especially worthy of attention; and we therefore propose, in

the course of this article, to present our readers with an outline of his strange, sad history, and a few selections from such of his poems as are most remarkable.

Three volumes of poems, tales, essays, and criticisms, recently collected and published in America, contain the contributions of Edgar Allan Poe to the periodical literature of his country, and form the sole basis upon which his reputation as a writer rests. Very recently, his poems alone have been republished in England, with a brief prefatory essay, in which his merits as a prose-writer are scarcely even referred to, while the moral of his life is obviously mistaken. From a biography prefixed to the New York edition, we are enabled to form an estimate of his personal character, such as his works do not afford; and we doubt if the records of human wretchedness and frailty can yield anything more painful than the facts upon which that estimate is founded. Mental philosophy will scarcely enable us to account for the consistency of a fine sense of the beautiful, both in physics and in morals, with an extreme practical demoralization; but that it did exist in the case before us, as in many others, there is no room to doubt; for never, we believe, was genius allied to vice in its grosser forms more apparent than in the career of Edgar Poe. Unhappily, circumstances of the most unfavorable kind surrounded him at his very birth, for both his parents died while he was a mere child, leaving him little else than the dangerous inheritance of strong passions and a restless disposition. His lot, in a worldly point of view, was by no means a hard one, however, for at his father's death he was adopted by a gentleman of ample means and a kindly heart, who strove with true paternal solicitude to guide and control the wayward boy. His efforts were unavailing; for no sooner had Poe returned from England, where he had been taken by his foster-father for the purpose of obtaining the advantages of a liberal education, than he entered upon the course of recklessness and dissipation which ended only with his life. Expelled from an American university, he returned home to repay his guardian's kindness with insults and ingratitude of the worst description, and subsequently set forth on a Quixotic journey to join the Greeks in their struggle for independence. Greece he never reached, however, but was picked up a wandering beggar in Russia, and sent back only to be cashiered from a military establishment into which he had been admitted by influence of no ordinary kind.

We next hear of him as a private soldier, then as the successful competitor for a prize offered by an enterprising publisher for a tale and poem, and again as a miserable and half-famished writer for obscure periodicals. Poe's genius was not such as to remain long in ob-



security, and accordingly his writings speedily brought him into notice, and procured him lucrative and honorable employment. For a time he seemed to have overcome his evil propensities, and to have resolved upon a new course of life. He married a young, beautiful, and gentle wife—"The Beautiful Annabel Lee" of his touching and exquisite lyric. He surrounded his home with all those refinements which a highly-cultivated taste could suggest and a moderate income allow. In his humble yet poetical home, he appeared to those who knew him best to have begun that career of high endeavor for which his genius was so well fitted, and to have entered upon a course which would soon lead to fame and fortune. A few months, however, and all this was at an end. His employers were compelled, reluctantly it is believed, to free themselves from a connection with one whose power they appreciated, but whose irregularities and apparent insanity were continually the source not only of annoyance, but of great pecuniary risk; for Poe's antipathies, always violent, were rendered tenfold more so by intemperance, and he seldom scrupled as to the means of giving expression to them. After continued periods of dissipation, intervals of sobriety and great labor occurred. There were times of remorse, and often of brilliant achievement. Let no one deem such language misapplied in the case of one who was as yet only a writer of fugitive papers for ordinary periodicals. The periodicalism of America has fostered all its best writers; and there, not less than with us, do we find the highest evidences of intellectual strength in what is designed to last only for a few days. The nature of many of Poe's contributions was, however, enduring; they bore the impress of genius; and, twenty years hence, the best of them will probably be much more familiar to English readers than they are now. These were thrown off with amazing rapidity, considering their character, at a time when, after his settlement in New York, all who admired them, and were interested in their author, deemed that he had entered upon a new and purer course of life.

This hopeful period, however, was soon at an end. In two years after, his wife, whom he seems to have really loved, died in abject penury, and he had once more plunged into the wildest excesses. Desperately depraved, reckless, and mad, he still, at intervals, astonished his countrymen with some new proof of his genius. The literary circles of New York were always open to him in his sober hours; and even in his worst days he lacked not the self-sacrificing devotedness of woman. The mother of his dead wife clung to him, hoping against hope, caring for him, screening him, and, amid all his self-abandonment, watching over and seeking help for him. Occasionally

it would seem as if this tenderness and solicitude had brought back Poe to a sense of shame. He again turned earnestly to his pen; and in 1848, produced *Eureka*, a work to the composition of which he brought his capacities obviously in their most complete development. It is a prose poem on the cosmogony of the universe, a work of rare power, and the effect of which in America was beyond anything that had been experienced for years. It greatly increased the number of Poe's admirers, among whom was a lady spoken of by his biographer, as "one of the most brilliant women in New England." Whether from sufficient cause or not, the name of this lady and that of the admired but wretched poet were frequently associated, and it was hoped that their expected union might have a beneficial influence upon his character. This, however, did not take place—Poe, in a fit of almost incomprehensible brutality, having obtruded himself, designedly it was thought, upon a circle of her friends, and in her own presence, in a state of wild inebriety. Another, and the last, temporary reformation followed this occurrence. He once more gave evidence of a determination of amendment—spoke with unaffected horror of his past life, and became jealous of seduction into his former courses. Temptation assailed him, however, at an unguarded moment, while on his way to accept of an honorable invitation from a literary institute, and he fell never again to rise. After days of dissipation and madness, he died in the public hospital of Baltimore, in October, 1849, at the early age of thirty-eight.

The moral of this melancholy history lies upon the surface. Dark sometimes, dreadfully dark as is the page on which are written the records of genius, we know of nothing more sad and painful than this, for never, we believe, was the poetic gift allied with so much that was essentially depraved. It is more than doubtful whether the daring recklessness, the wild license with which men like Poe sported with the responsibilities of life, have not done far more for Satan, than in their highest and purest works they have done for man. And yet the poetry of this poor inebriate is free from aught of that viciousness which marked his life; for the most part, it is a mournful wail of one whose natural endowments were never called into play without uttering unconsciously deep and touching sorrow over the wreck of the spirit of which they formed a part. It is the sad, dirge-like music of those moments which were pauses in a lawless life—a strain in which the agony of remorse seems to thrill with all its intensity, or to grasp at strange, quaint fancies, and force them to interpret things it dare not distinctly utter. And thus much that Poe has written, is autobiographical in a stricter sense than poetry of a strongly sub-

jective character generally is. Draped in the sombre or the flaming garments with which his imagination invested them, we see the poet himself, and all his mocking or upbraiding thoughts, wandering wildly through the melancholy numbers. There is a deep and beautiful tenderness, too, in some of his lyrics, as witness the exquisite poem of *Annabel Lee* — the expression of his sorrow for the death of his gentle wife.

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was more than love,  
I and my Annabel Lee —  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her high-born kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre,  
In this kingdom by the sea.

But the moon never beams, without bringing me  
dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my  
bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea —  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

This strain of sorrow is only equalled by those in which the poet mourns over the wreck of his wasted life. Amid all his wild excesses, and his self-outlawry from the amenities of social existence, he had no more severe censor than that which spoke from within his own soul. This is strikingly manifest in the poem entitled *The Haunted Palace*, and especially in the following stanzas of it: —

In the greenest of our valleys,  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace —  
Radiant palace — reared its head;  
In the monarch Thought's dominions,  
It stood there.  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate;  
Ah, let us mourn! for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him desolate!

And round about his home the glory  
That blushed and bloomed,  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms, that move fantastically,  
To a discordant melody;  
While, like a ghastly rapid river,  
Through the pale door,  
A hideous throng rush out forever,  
And laugh, but smile no more.

While Poe's genius was necessarily infected by the depravity of his life to the extent of a misanthropical faithlessness in man, his poetry, from the circumstance of its being so strictly subjective, is less unhealthy than his prose. The utterance of his own self-knowledge is, moreover, always too passionate to be deemed insincere. His tales and sketches are often pervaded by the horrible, to an extent which is only saved from being repulsive by the power of imagination and the strength of the reasoning faculty displayed in them; but in his poems there are almost always glimpses afforded of a ruined beauty, and an analytic treatment of emotion, sufficient to give them a moral tone. He seems, as it were, to have preserved the latter sacred to the expression of his own sorrow; for that the phantom of the past rose up before him with awful, soul-subduing severity is clear, we think, from many of his best poems. *The Raven* is the most remarkable proof of this; and when we know that it was written during what might be considered the longest of those periods of sober earnestness, strong thought, and incessant labor which occurred in his brief career, we are at no loss to discover, that what seems fanciful and almost amusing to the ordinary reader, had a deep and terrible significance to the unhappy poet. This remarkable poem, which occupies, we think, the most prominent position among the originalities of American imaginative literature, is much too long to be quoted by us in its entirety, and not a little of its peculiar charm is necessarily lost by its unity of strong emotion being broken up. Suffice it to give a mere outline of the poet's reverie broken by the tapping at his chamber door, and the subsequent colloquy with the "stately Raven of the saintly days of yore" — a meet emblem of the dark shadow of his own worse than wasted life which conscience summons up before him.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into  
smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the counte-  
nance it wore;  
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,"  
I said, "art sure no craven,  
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven, wandering from  
the nightly shore —

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's  
Plutonian shore?"

Quoth the Raven: "Never more."

But the Raven sitting lonely on that placid bust,  
spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he  
did outpour —

Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather  
then he fluttered;

Till I scarcely more than muttered: "Other  
friends have flown before:

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes  
have done before."

Then the bird said: "Never more."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly  
spoken —

"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only  
stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom un-  
merciful disaster

Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs  
one burden bore —

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden  
bore,

Of — Never, never more."

"Prophet," said I, "king of evil — prophet  
still, if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us — by that  
God we both adore,

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the  
distant Aiden,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels  
name Lenore —

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels  
name Lenore."

Quoth the Raven: "Never more."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or  
fiend," I cried upstarting;

"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's  
Plutonian shore;

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy  
soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust  
above my door —

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy  
form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven: "Never more."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still  
is sitting,

On the placid bust of Pallas, just above my  
chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's  
that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws  
his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies float-  
ing on the floor,

Shall be lifted — Never more.

We are disposed to believe that even these  
verses, detached as they are from the poem,  
and affording only an imperfect idea of its  
effect as a whole, indicate more than ordinary

power. It is certainly unique in American liter-  
ature, as much so as the *Christabel* and *Ancient  
Mariner* of Coleridge are in our own; and un-  
questionably a poetical reputation has been  
earned by things that will not bear comparison  
with it for a moment, even in point of artistic  
construction merely, for there is a wonderful  
harmony between the feeling and the rhyth-  
mical expression. The peculiar irregular  
music of Poe's poetry is not the least striking  
proof of its original character. Style may  
always be imitated within the ordinary limits  
of mere versification, but that structure of  
rhythmical cadence which takes its form from  
the things expressed, is peculiarly the work  
of genius. Poe has carried this to an extreme  
in certain strains of inner music, so to speak  
— poems which have arranged themselves  
within the author's fancy both as to the thought  
or feeling and the rhyme; but the former being  
obscure, the latter is to a great extent unin-  
telligible, and in some instances discordant.  
Some stanzas from a piece, entitled *The Bells*,  
will suffice to illustrate the power he shows in  
maintaining the completeness of the harmony  
between the idea and its expression.

Hear the sledges with the bells —

Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle

In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells;

From the jangling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the loud alarm bells —

Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night,

How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek

Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire —

In a mad exhortation to the deaf and frantic fire;

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire.

O the bells, bells, bells!

What a tale their terror tells

Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!

What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air!

This is an achievement in versification which  
even Southey, curious and studiously desirous  
of excelling in such things, has not equalled:  
it greatly surpasses most of his efforts, indeed,  
inasmuch as the imagination evinced in the  
last stanzas we have quoted surpasses mere  
feats in rhyme.

We have already said that Poe's poetry may be regarded as in a very special sense the expression of his own self-consciousness. Wild and melancholy as is its general character, there are a few strains which show that the spirit of the wretched poet was sometimes visited by dreams of surpassing beauty — glimpses of purity — of passionate yet exalted love, and of a higher faith than that of his ordinary life even at its best. It would seem as if in these his genius vindicated itself by a protest of beauty against the gloomy broodings of a disquieted conscience or the frenzied excesses of a vicious life; and yet the beauty ever wears the hue of sadness.

The prose works of Edgar Poe are for the most part susceptible of being accounted for on the principle we have already hinted at — namely, that which places them in a completely different light as regards their author's own being from the poems. They are of two classes — those in which a strong yet gloomy imagination creates consistently with its own nature, exploring the deepest depths of the horrible; and those in which a keen, clear intellect is more predominant than imaginative power. The combination of these two characteristics in the works of a single man must ever infer no ordinary degree of intellectual strength: in the works of such a man as Poe, it is somewhat extraordinary. Let the reader turn to his singular sketch, entitled *The Purloined Letter*, or to some of his criticisms, after reading such things as *The Fall of the House of Usher*, or *The Cask of Amontillado*, and he will find it difficult to believe that the acumen, the clear, vigorous reasoning of the former, could ever have proceeded from a man of such a wild and morbid imagination as is evinced in the latter. Such, we are told by his biographer, was Poe's success in combining both these characteristics by admirably sustained argument on imaginary evidence, and in a supposititious case, that many of his readers could not be persuaded of its fictitious character. And yet we have seen what was the nature, the life, and death of this sad wreck alike of genius and humanity. Judging from the works he has left, Poe is unquestionably the most original imaginative writer America has yet produced. There is not a line in all his poetry which suggests the idea of imitation; and nothing in his prose — if we except his wilder tales, which are like so many refinements on the gross horrors of old German romance — to which we could adduce a strict parallel.

ICEBERGS. — A great many icebergs were seen, as the ships lay motionless in the water; and as they appeared to run together on the far distant horizon, an idea arose that they were so close, that no ships could pass between them. Some of

them were in the form of large square cubes, with flat and horizontal tops; others, again, presented every variety of form — now resembling cities and villages, now ruins; and again, you might imagine one to be a solitary country church, in the modest Gothic style, rising beautifully above the level plain, on the distant horizon, and adding a sacred charm to everything around it: some appeared to be loaded with huge bookbinders and mud, shortly to be precipitated into the sea which bore them along; while others were yielding themselves submissively to the wasting influence of the sea, and the powerful rays of the sun. There was one iceberg which was particularly noticed, because it never shifted its position, when others, of rather larger size, were drifting to and fro with the tides. It was about two hundred feet in height, above the surface of the sea, and its perpendicular sides, which were nearly equal, were not less than two miles in length. The upper surface was horizontal, but very irregular, appearing as if it had been planted over with rough and irregularly conical eminences, packed closely together, and varying in height from twelve to twenty or thirty feet. The water-lines at the level of the ice around it were also horizontal. There seemed to be no reason for any other opinion than this, that it had never changed its centre of gravity since it descended into the sea, and had become detached from the glacier which gave it birth. The cubic contents and weight of such a floating world are truly astonishing. This berg displaced upwards of eighteen thousand millions of cubic feet of water, while its contents must have been nearly twenty-three thousand millions of cubic feet, and its weight nearly five hundred and forty millions of tons! — *Dr. Sutherland's Journal.*

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS. — A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at eighteen hundred miles from its mouth, only about eight hundred feet above the level of the sea — about twice the height of St. Paul's, in London, or the height of Arthur's Seat, in Edinburgh — and to fall these eight hundred feet in its long course, the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for one thousand miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only five hundred feet in all that distance; above the commencement of the one thousand miles, it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean, that, in Paraguay, fifteen hundred miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone — that is to say, which, on the beautifully inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires — *Arnott's Physics.*

From Sharpe's Magazine.

# FACTS CONNECTED WITH THE LAST HOURS OF NAPOLEON.

BY MRS. MAJOR WARD.

On the night of the 5th of May, 1821, a young ensign of the 66th regiment, quartered at St. Helena, was wending his solitary way along the path leading from the plain of Deadwood to his barracks, situated on a patch of table-land called Francis Plain. The road was dreary, for to the left yawned a vast chasm, the remains of a crater, and known to the islanders as the "Devil's Punchbowl;" although the weather had been perfectly calm, puffs of wind occasionally issued from the neighboring valleys; and at last, one of these puffs having got into a gully, had so much ado to get out of it, that it shrieked, and moaned, and gibbered, till it burst its bonds with a roar like thunder—and dragged up in its wrath, on its passage to the sea, a few shrubs and one of those fair willows, beneath which Napoleon, first Emperor of France, had passed many a peaceful, if not a happy hour of repose, surrounded by his faithful friends in exile.

This occurrence, not uncommon at St. Helena, has given rise to an idea, adopted even by Sir Walter Scott, that the soul of Napoleon had passed to another destiny on the wings of the storm-spirit; but, so far from there being any tumult among the elements on that eventful night, the gust of wind I have alluded to was only heard by the few whose cottages dotted the green slopes of the neighboring mountains. But as that fair tree dropped, a whisper fell among the islanders that Napoleon was dead! No need to dwell upon what abler pens than mine have recorded; the eagle's wings were folded, the dauntless eyes were closed, the last words, "*Tête armée*," had passed the faded lips, the proud heart had ceased to beat . . . !

They arrayed the illustrious corpse in the attire identified with Napoleon even at the present day; and among the jewelled honors of earth so profusely scattered upon the breast, rested the symbol of the faith he had professed. They shaded the magnificent brow with the unsightly cocked hat,\* and stretched down the beautiful hands in ungraceful fashion; every one, in fact, is familiar with the attitude I describe, as well as with a death-like cast of the imperial head, from which a fine engraving has been taken. The cast is true enough to nature, but the character of the engraving is spoiled by the addition of a laurel wreath on the lofty but insensate brow.

\* The coffin being too short to admit this array in the order proposed, the hat was placed at the feet before interment.

Now about this cast there is a *historiette* with which it is quite time the public should become more intimately acquainted; it caused a subject of litigation, the particulars of which are detailed in the *Times* newspaper of 1821, but to which I have no opportunity of referring just now. Evidence, however, was unfortunately wanting at the necessary moment, and the complainant's case fell to the ground. The facts are these:—

The day after Napoleon's decease, the young officer I have alluded to, instigated by emotions which drew vast numbers to Longwood-house, found himself within the very death-chamber of Napoleon. After the first thrill of awe had subsided, he sat down, and on the fly-leaf torn from a book, and given him by General Bertrand, he took a rapid but faithful sketch of the deceased emperor. Earlier in the day, the officer had accompanied his friend Dr. Burton, of the 66th regiment, through certain paths in the island, in order to collect material for making a composition resembling plaster of Paris, for the purpose of taking the cast with as little delay after death as possible. Dr. Burton, having prepared the composition, set to work and completed the task satisfactorily. The cast being moist was not easy to remove, and, at Dr. Burton's request, a tray was brought from Madame Bertrand's apartments, madame herself holding it to receive the precious deposit. Mr. —, the ensign above alluded to, impressed with the value of such a memento, offered to take charge of it at his quarters till it was dry enough to be removed to Dr. Burton's; Madame Bertrand, however, pleaded so hard to have the care of it, that the two gentlemen, both Irishmen and soldiers, yielded to her entreaties, and she withdrew with the treasure, which she *never afterwards would resign*.

There can scarcely, therefore, be a question that the casts and engravings of Napoleon, now sold as emanating from the skill and reverence of Automarchi, are from the original taken by Dr. Burton. We can only rest on circumstantial evidence, which the reader will allow is most conclusive. It is to be regretted that Dr. Burton's cast and that *supposed* to have been taken by Automarchi were not both demanded in evidence at the trial in 1821.

The engraving I have spoken of has been Italianized by Automarchi, the name inscribed beneath being *Napoleone*.

So completely was the daily history of Napoleon's life at St. Helena a sealed record, that, on the arrival of papers from England, the first question asked by the islanders and the officers of the garrison, was, "What news of Bonaparte?" Under such circumstances it was natural that an intense curiosity should be felt concerning every movement of the mysterious and ill-starred exile. Our young soldier one night fairly risked his commis-



for the chance of a glimpse behind the curtains of the Longwood windows; and, after all, saw nothing but the imperial form, from the knees downwards. Every night, at sunset, a *cordon* of sentries was drawn round the Longwood plantations. Slipping between the sentinels, the venturesome youth crept, under cover of trees, to a lighted window of the mansion. The curtains were not drawn, but the blind was lowered. Between the latter, however, and the window-frame were two or three inches of space; so down knelt Mr. —! Some one was walking up and down the apartment, which was brilliantly illuminated.\* The footsteps drew nearer, and Mr. — saw the diamond buckles of a pair of thin shoes; then two well-formed lower limbs, encased in silk stockings; and, lastly, the edge of a coat, lined with white silk. On a sofa, at a little distance, was seated Madame Bertrand, with her boy leaning on her knee; and some one was probably writing under Napoleon's dictation, for the Emperor was speaking slowly and distinctly. Mr. — slipped back to his guard-house, satisfied with having heard the voice of *Napoleon Bonaparte*.

Mr. — had an opportunity of seeing the great captive at a distance on the very last occasion that Bonaparte breathed the outer air. It was a bright morning when the sergeant of the guard at Longwood-gate informed our ensign that "*General Bonaparte*" was in the garden on which the guard-room looked. Mr. — seized his spy-glass, and took a breathless survey of Napoleon, who was standing in front of his house with one of his generals. Something on the ground attracted his notice; he stooped to examine — probably a colony of ants, whose movements he watched with interest — when the music of a band at a distance stirred the air on Deadwood plain, and he who once had led multitudes forth at his slightest word, now wended his melancholy way through the grounds of Longwood, to catch a distant glimpse of a British regiment under inspection.

We have in our possession a small signal-book, which was used at St. Helena during the period of Napoleon's exile. The following passages will give some idea of the system of vigilance which it was thought necessary to exercise, lest the world should again be suddenly uproused by the appearance of the French emperor on the battle-planes of Europe. It is not for me to offer any opinion on such a system, but I take leave to say that I never yet heard any British officer acknowledge that he would have accepted the authority of governor under the burden of the duties

it entailed. In a word, although every one admits the difficulties and responsibilities of Sir Hudson Lowe's position, all deprecate the system to which he considered himself obliged to bend.

But the signal-book! Here are some of the passages which passed from hill to valley while Napoleon took his daily ride within the boundary prescribed:—

"General Bonaparte has left Longwood."

"General Bonaparte has passed the guards."

"General Bonaparte is at Hutt's-gate."\*

"General Bonaparte is missing."

The latter paragraph resulted from General Bonaparte having, in the course of his ride, turned an angle of a hill, or descended some valley beyond the ken, for a few minutes, of the men working the telegraphs on the hills!

It was not permitted that the once Emperor of France should be designated by any other title than "*General Bonaparte*;" and, alas! innumerable were the squabbles that arose between the governor and his captive, because the British ministry had made this puerile order peremptory. I have now no hesitation in making known the great duke's opinion on this subject, which was transmitted to me two years ago, by one who for some months every year held daily intercourse with his grace, but who could not, while the duke was living, permit me to publish what had been expressed in private conversation.

"I would have taken care that he did not escape from St. Helena," said Wellington; "but he might have been addressed by any name he pleased."

I cannot close this paper without saying a word or two on the condition of the buildings once occupied by the most illustrious and most unfortunate of exiles.

It is well known that Napoleon never would inhabit the house which was latterly erected at Longwood for his reception; that he said, "it would serve for his tomb;" and that the slabs from the kitchen *did* actually form part of the vault in which he was placed, in his favorite valley beneath the willows, and near the fountain whose crystal waters had so often refreshed him. This abode, therefore, is not invested with the same interest as his real residence, well-named the "*Old House* at Longwood;" for a more crazy, wretched, filthy barn, it would scarcely be possible to meet with; and many painful emotions have filled my heart during nearly a four-years' sojourn on "the rock;" as I have seen French soldiers and sailors march gravely and decorously to the spot, hallowed, in their eyes, of course, by its associations with their invisible, but unforbidden idol, and degraded, it must be admitted, by the change it has un-

\* Napoleon's dining-room lamp, from Longwood, is, I believe, still in the possession of the 91st Regiment, it having been purchased by the officers at St. Helena in 1836.

\* At one time the abode of the Bertrands; it overlooks the valley containing the tomb.

dergone. Indeed, few French persons can be brought to believe that it ever was a decent abode; and no one can deny that it must outrage the feelings of a people like the French, so especially affected by associations, to see the bed-chamber of their former emperor a dirty stable, and the room in which he breathed his last sigh, appropriated to the purposes of winnowing and threshing wheat! In the last-named room are two pathetic mementos of affection. When Napoleon's remains were exhumed, in 1846, Counts Bertrand and Las Cases, carried off with them, the former a piece of the boarded floor on which the emperor's bed had rested, the latter a stone from the wall pressed by the pillow of his dying chief.

Would that I had the influence to recommend to the British government, that these ruined, and I must add, desecrated buildings should be razed to the ground; and that on their site should be erected a convalescent hospital for the sick of all ranks, of both services, and of both nations. Were the British and French governments to unite in this plan how grand a sight would it be to behold the two nations shaking hands, so to speak, over the grave of Napoleon!

On offering this suggestion, when in Paris lately, to one of the nephews of the first Emperor Napoleon, the prince replied that "the idea was nobly philanthropic, but that Eng-

land would never listen to it." I must add that his highness said this "rather in sorrow than in anger;" then, addressing Count L——, one of the faithful followers of Napoleon in exile, and asking him which mausoleum he preferred — the one in which we then stood, the dome of the *Invalides*, or the rock of St. Helena — he answered, to my surprise, "St. Helena; for no grander monument than that can ever be raised to the emperor!"

Circumstances have made one little incident connected with this, our visit to the *Invalides*, most deeply interesting. Comte d'Orsay was of the party; indeed, it was in his elegant *atelier* we had all assembled, ere starting, to survey the mausoleum being prepared for the ashes of Napoleon. Suffering and debilitated as Comte D'Orsay was, precious, as critiques on art, were the words that fell from his lips during our progress through the work-rooms, as we stopped before the sculptures intended to adorn the vault wherein the sarcophagus is to rest. Ere leaving the works, the director, in exhibiting the solidity of the granite which is finally to encase Napoleon, struck fire with a mallet from the magnificent block; — "See," said Comte D'Orsay, "though the dome of the *Invalides* may fall, France may yet light a torch at the tomb of her emperor." I cannot remember the exact words, but such was their import; Comte D'Orsay died a few weeks after this.

From the Atlas.

### LOVELINESS IN DEATH.

#### A DESCRIPTION FROM NATURE.

And we shall be *changed in a moment*; for this mortal must put on immortality. And when this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall death be swallowed up in victory. — *Scripture.*

SHE slept, but not kind Nature's sleep;  
Friendship could only hope — and weep.  
That hope was vain; the vital power  
Was wasting with the wasting hour.

Her lids unclosed. She breathed no sound,  
But calmly looked on all around,  
And each in silence sweetly blest —  
Then closed her eyes and sank to rest.

Gone was the life-sustaining breath;  
But, oh, how beautiful was death!  
Mortality had passed away,  
But there a sleeping angel lay.

No voice the slumbering silence broke,  
But life in every feature spoke;  
For death itself appeared to be  
Radiant with immortality.

The countenance a glory wore,  
A loveliness unknown before;  
So perfect, so divinely fair,  
A sainted soul seemed present there.

On that calm face were still impress  
The last emotions of the breast;  
There still the parting impress lay  
Of fond affection's lingering stay.

And still did resignation speak  
Serenely from the placid cheek;  
And kind benevolence was there,  
With humble faith and trusting prayer.

Oh! how did beauty's softest bloom —  
So uncongenial to the tomb —  
With love and piety unite,  
And sweet repose, and calm delight!

If sleep there be in realms above,  
This was the sleep that angels love;  
Mortal ne'er dreamed a dream like this,  
Of perfect, pure, celestial bliss!

Loved spirit! while thy friends remain  
On earth, we cannot meet again;  
But, ah, how blest their souls will be,  
That pass through death like thine to thee!

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

## BOZZIES.

ENGLISH literature is poor in biography. It is true we have many "Lives," but not many of them are very life-like. Biography-writing is an art little studied. The author oftener thinks of himself than of his subject. If he be rhetorically inclined, he does not so much desire to convey to the reader an accurate picture of the Life delineated, as to astonish by fine writing and beautifully-rounded periods. These rhetorical lives are not worth much. They may dazzle, astonish, and even instruct, but they do not give us what we look for in a biography—a picture of how the man lived, how he dressed and ate, what he did, and what he said. The rhetorical biography is a kind of literary clothes-horse, on which the author exhibits himself. As for *life*, you see little of it; the subject is only taken as a peg to hang fine sentences upon.

There are biographies of another kind—men who collect all the letters, memoranda, scraps of writing, anecdotes at second-hand, rumors, reports, birth and marriage certificates, of a distinguished personage, and stowing them away in a book, which they "edit" as the "Life and Letters" of such a one; and forthwith a big book is issued from the press. Call this a biography! It is no such thing. It is an *omnium gatherum*, a *colleccanea*, often a pile of rubbish, but not a Life. We have had many notable instances of this sort of manufacture lately, the most melancholy of which was the *Life of Wordsworth*, by his son. Southey fared rather better, but his Life too suffered in the ponderous six volumes of undigested, though admirable materials, which have recently been given to the world. Wilberforce's Life, though handsomely paid for, was another failure, originating in the same causes. For sons, even though they possess the requisite literary ability, are the last persons to write fairly and dispassionately the Lives of their parents. They draw a veil over those points of character which the world most wishes to see unveiled, and which give the chief interest to a biography. They think of their father's fair name, and aim at reconciling editorial duties with filial love. And thus, often, the pith of the memoir is allowed to escape. Sir Samuel Romilly's life, by his son, is one of the best that has appeared; but, fortunately, the father had left behind him an excellent autobiography which the son allowed to speak for itself, and there was left little more to be desired. To this, we may add the extremely interesting *Life of Curran*, by his son—one of the best pieces of biography which has come to light of recent years.

Another biography of a highly-celebrated

writer is now in course of publication, which seems to have been prepared in the same hasty manner. We allude to the *Life of Moore*, edited by Lord John Russell. Here we have, not a life, but a collection of materials. His lordship, greatly to his honor, has taken the trouble of arranging the papers which the illustrious poet left behind him, and then sent them so arranged to the publisher. Mr. Panizzi, of the British Museum, whose business is to make catalogues, might have done the work as well: he could have arranged the papers for the printer. But we looked for a biography—a picture of the living, writing, thinking man, by one who knew him; and we have, instead, little more than an arrangement of his papers for publication. It is true, Moore has left behind him a fragment of a diary, fresh and sparkling, which speaks for itself; but we want more than that, and trust the noble editor will yet, before he concludes his labors, supply a portraiture, without which the biography of the poet will be incomplete, and, in many respects, only partially intelligible.

It is said that Johnson, when he heard that Boszy intended to write a Life of him, threatened that he would prevent it by taking Boswell's! This rage of Johnson was doubtless caused by the lamentable manner in which so many great English Lives have been strangled by their biographers. For, good biographies are even rarer than well-spent lives; and many great men have been strangled after death by little men, who have attempted to delineate them, but succeeded only in drawing their own pictures. Strange enough it is, that Boswell, who was so suspected by Johnson as an incompetent biographer, should have left us the most complete portraiture of a great English, living man, that is to be found in our language. And yet Boswell was no distinguished *littérateur*. Macaulay contemptuously calls him "a dunce, a parasite, a coxcomb"—"one of the smallest men that ever lived." And yet this despised Boswell has written the best English biography—a book that is worthy of a place beside Plutarch. How is this? Why, because Boswell related that of which he knew, and because out of the fulness of his heart and memory his mouth spoke and his pen wrote. He gave us a real Life of Johnson—told us every minute detail about him, even to the kind of coat and wig he wore—the tea, fish-sauce, and veal-pie with plums, which he loved—his rolling walk and blinking eye—his foibles, vanities, and prejudices—his trick of touching the posts as he walked, and his superstition about entering a house with the right foot first—his habit of picking up and treasuring by him scraps of orange-peel—his gruntings—his vehemence—"You lie, sir!"—his whirlwind eloquence—his fits of rage—his penitence—

his gloomy moroseness, and sometimes his uncontrollable laughter. In fact, you have the man as he lived, written down by one who followed him like his shadow; or rather, who daguerreotyped him for us in sun-pictures which shall live forever in English biography. And not only is Johnson delineated as he lived in Boswell's pages, but by far the most characteristic traits in the life of Oliver Goldsmith—those which inform us as to the life, and character, and dress, and conversation, of that simple-minded being—are also to be found recorded there. And so of many others of Johnson's distinguished contemporaries, of whom, but for James Boswell, we should now have known comparatively little.

Carlyle, in his admirable article on Samuel Johnson, originally published in *Fraser*, has done much to rescue Boswell from the obloquy and contempt which recent commentators have sought to cast upon his name. True, he was a weak, vain man—something of a *funkey*. Yet was he a hero-worshipper. He might not have the capacity of being a notable man himself; but he admired all such, and Samuel Johnson was the hero whom he idolized. The man who had in him this intense admiration of a character such as Johnson's could not be so utterly worthless. "It is," says Carlyle, "one of the strangest phenomena of the past century, that at a time when the old reverent feeling of discipleship (such as brought men from far countries, with rich gifts and prostrate souls to the feet of the Prophets), had passed utterly away from men's practical experience, and was no longer surmised to exist (as it does) perennial, indestructible, in man's inmost heart, James Boswell should have been the individual, of all others, predestined to recall it, in such singular guise, to the wondering, and, for a long while, laughing and unrecognizing world. The worship of Johnson was his grand, ideal, voluntary business. Does not the frothy-hearted yet enthusiastic man, doffing his advocate-wig, regularly take post and hurry up to London, for the sake of his sage chiefly, as to a Feast of Tabernacles, the sabbath of his whole year! The plate-licker and wine-bibber dives into Bolt Court to sip muddy coffee with a cynical old man, and a sour-tempered, blind old woman (feeling the cups, whether they are full, with her finger), and patiently endures contradictions without end; too happy so he may but be allowed to listen and live. Nay, it does not appear that vulgar vanity could ever have been much flattered by Boswell's relation to Johnson. Mr. Croker says, Johnson was, to the last, little regarded by the great world; from which, for a vulgar vanity, all honor, as from a fountain, descends. Bozzy, even among Johnson's friends and special admirers, seems rather to have been laughed at than envied; his officious, whisk-

ing, consequential ways, the daily reproofs and rebuffs he underwent, could gain from the world no golden, but only leaden, opinions. His devout discipleship seemed nothing more than a mean spanielship in the general eye. . . . There is much lying yet undeveloped in the love of Boswell for Johnson. A cheering proof, in a time which else utterly wanted and still wants such, that living Wisdom is quite *infinitely* precious to man, is the symbol of the Godlike to him, which even weak eyes may discern; that loyalty, discipleship, all that was ever meant by *hero-worship*, lives perennially in the human bosom, and waits, even in these dead days, only for occasions to unfold it, and inspire all men with it, and again make the world alive! James Boswell we can regard as a practical witness (or real martyr) to this high, everlasting truth."

It was through this intense admiration for Johnson, that Boswell was enabled to produce his life-breathing biography; and although many great literary men have lived since his time, they have been able to produce nothing equal to it. We want more Bozzies—men with a heart and an eye to discern character and to recognize wisdom—with free insight, simple love, and childlike open-mindedness. We have more than enough of rhetorical and didactic talent, but in biography it is out of place. We want faithful delineations of character, which is nature in its highest form; and it is matter for thankfulness that brilliant powers are not needed for its true appreciation. Your Bozzies are the best historians of their age, and often teach us more than Hume or Robertson can do. Even the garrulous Samuel Pepys may tell us more of the real life of his "Own Times" than a Burnet or a Swift.

What would we not give for a Bozzy's account of Shakespeare!—Shakespeare, the man of men, of whose private life so little is known! Indeed, his only autobiography is to be found in his sonnets. But we should like to know how Shakespeare lived, how he dressed, even what kind of stockings he wore, what were his habits, his times of rising up and lying down, whether he wrote in dressing-gown and slippers, how he worked and fared, who his companions and friends were, and, above all, what was his talk and familiar conversation, what were his speculations about life and death, and wealth and poverty, and what was the daily life of the men and women about him. We have only occasional glimpses of these subjects in his noble works; but then, to have his familiar talk jotted down for us, his recollections of his boyhood and of his adventures in the woods of Charlecoote; and then his struggles amid London life—how he took to the stage, what was his history there, how he worked his way up to proprietorship in the Blackfriars theatre, what was his life

when he went back, full of deep-welling thoughts, to that quiet country life at Stratford-on-Avon, where he died—who would not wish to have all this related to him, as Boswell has related the story of Johnson's career? But, as it is, Shakspeare's life is written in his works; and more than they tell us we can scarcely be said to know. About all such great men there is the most natural desire to know much. The world's eyes are turned to them. We want to know their individuality and manner of existence, which may often be full of profit and instruction for us. But we are curious also as to their features, and looks, and dress, and sayings, and even their most indifferent actions—the record of which only Bozzies can duly note for our satisfaction. Your “distinguished writers” have rarely eyes for such small matter. They are so apt to make the subject of their book a mirror in which they wish to see themselves. The lives they write are not biographies, so much as the dry bones of a body, which should have been alive. It is only the loving, gossiping Bozzies who can adequately satisfy us about the matters we are most desirous to know.

Autobiographies are very instructive; indeed, Johnson has said that every man's life may be best written by himself. But those who write their own lives are apt to omit the very things in which the world takes most interest. A man is not always the best judge himself. He is disposed to paint himself *en beau*; otherwise he were scarcely human. Rousseau is the only writer who has been honest in this respect, and there may have been an affectation in his confession of faults, not altogether truthful. Hear Rousseau himself on this point:—

“No one can write a man's life so well as himself. His interior being, his true life, is known to himself alone; but, in writing, he disguises it; under the name of a Life he makes an apology; he shows himself as he would like to be seen, but not at all as he is. The sincere are more or less truthful in what they say, but they are more or less false through reservations; and what they conceal has such a bearing on what they avow, that, in telling only a part of the truth, they in reality say nothing. I place Montaigne at the head of these *false sincere* writers, who would deceive you even in relating what is true. He paints himself with his faults, but then they are only amiable ones; there is no man who has not hateful faults too. Montaigne paints himself like, but only in profile. Who knows but that some gash on the cheek, or a cast in the eye, on the side concealed from us, would not have totally altered the expression of the countenance?”

A man cannot speak freely of himself in his autobiography. As the old Highland proverb

has it—“Were the best man's faults written on his forehead, he would pull his bonnet over his brow.” Could you expect him to put them in his biography? And Voltaire has observed in the same spirit, “Every man has a wild beast within him. Few know how to chain him. The greater number give him the rein except when the fear of the law holds them back.” You cannot expect men to tell you honestly how they manage with their “wild beast.” We would rather believe in the Bozzy, to the extent of his observation.

Of recent biographies, Carlyle's *Life of Sterling* and Disraeli's *Life of Lord George Bentinck* furnish apposite illustrations. The former is a real, living portrait; it lets you into the actual life of an earnest man—paints him as he lived, and thought, and worked; it is a life worthy of Plutarch. The latter—the life of Lord George Bentinck—is a political pamphlet rather than a life. There is here and there to be found a little of the biographic lath and plaster; but we will venture to say that a better idea of Lord George Bentinck as a man might be obtained from a brief conversation with one of his servants or groomsmen than from this so-called biography. It is a mere clothes-horse, on which Mr. Disraeli displays his collection of political wares. It is little better than *réchauffée* of Hansard: certainly it is not the *Life of Lord George Bentinck*.

The French greatly excel us in biography and memoirs; but this topic we reserve for some future number.

THE *Journal des Débats*, quoting from the *Java Bode*, a journal published at Batavia, gives an account of a recent sale of slaves at the Chinese camp. The slaves, twelve in number, having been placed upon the table of the exposition, disposed in four lots, rattled some money in their hands, and addressed a few words timidly and in low tones to the assembly. A person who acted as their agent here stepped forward, and stated that his clients, having accumulated by long and painful labors some small saving, solicited the favor of being allowed to make a bidding for the purchase of their own persons. No opposition being offered, the first lot was cried, and made an offer through their agent, of forty francs. No advance being made upon this sum, the slaves were knocked down to themselves, the next lot, encouraged by their predecessors, offered only twenty-four francs. The public preserved the same silence, and they became their own purchasers. The third lot took the hint, and were even more fortunate, picking themselves up at a decided bargain, for the modest sum of ten francs. The *Java Bode* sees in these facts a great advance in civilization, especially among the Chinese, who formed the great majority of the persons present.



From Chambers' Journal.

# AN OLD-FASHIONED SWEDISH WEDDING.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY—Boxing-day as it is sometimes rudely called in England, to the infinite perplexity of foreigners, some of whom want to persuade me that it is among us made the festival of our great national art—St. Stephen's Day is, in Sweden, in one sense, a greater holiday than its predecessor; it is observed in a less religious but more festive manner than Christmas. Shops and offices of all descriptions are closed; visiting, meeting, congratulating, eating, drinking, walking, sledge-driving, smoking, and talking, may well fill up a short winter-day. My post of observation is my window, looking over my favorite Place—Carl tretons Torg. What a scene I look down upon now! the whole street, the whole Place, covered with black figures moving over the snowy ground. Everybody is going out to dinner. You may know that such is the intention of these good people, for it is between two and three o'clock, and the women wear black hoods or black silk kerchiefs on their heads. Among true Swedes, no lady, young or old, goes out to a party or public place without a hood or kerchief, which is taken off on entering. Maid-servants, and decent women of the lower ranks, wear the kerchief at all times when abroad—a bonnet would be thought by them an impropriety, a "setting up for something above them;" their entire costume is still appropriate and distinctive. May they long retain their own fashions, and scorn the tawdry bonnets, flowers, and imitative modes of a similar class among ourselves! To look out of my window on this bright day, and over this charmingly clear and snowy prospect, one might fancy that the whole of Stockholm was moving out to a great funeral. Festivities in Sweden are solemn-looking things. Black is the state-costume in every sense; only black or white can be worn at court, and black is still the state-dress of the plain and lower ranks. Formerly, it was used at every ceremonial or visit of importance; and to-day, the crowds of black figures moving in the bright sunshine, together with the always grave and quiet demeanor of the Swedes when out of doors, give one the idea of anything rather than the festive meetings to which all are hastening.

But are there no mourners left behind, no sick, no sorrowing? Are there no hidden mourners moving among them? Is the festivity of St. Stephen's Day undarkened by a memory, unalloyed by a gnawing heart-pang? Why ask the question? They look happy, speak happily, walk along contentedly, looking as if the world were satisfied with them, and they were satisfied with the world. They are not thinking whether I, perched at the

double window over their heads, make an atom of that world or not; but instead of pursuing reflections which might make the good tender heart of my kind friend Frederika Bremer to ache, I will put on my cloak and a bonnet, to show I am not going out to dinner; and then I will take a walk, and distract myself, as my French friends would say, in the only way I can.

The winter air of Sweden is very exhilarating out of doors; within, it is quite the contrary; the rooms are so warm, the walls and windows so thick, the closed-up stoves so oppressively hot, that they make me stupid, heavy, indolent as a native. Now, I am on Norrbro, gazing on a scene that never tires. Here, looking at this beautiful Mälar, in its unfrozen part, sweeping between snowy boundaries, to cast itself into the Baltic, and at the widely-extended and brilliantly-white scene on either side, I get into a better humor than I was in my air-tight rooms, and forget to feel spiteful when I see fur-clad men pulling off their hats, and perhaps exposing a bald crown to the biting air, while they bow, and bow, and bow—three times is the mode—as if they were presented for the first time to the friends they salute; and then grasp them by the hand, clap them on the shoulder, or perhaps, on occasions, hug them in the arms, with all the warmth of brotherhood. And I forbear to envy the hooded women, who are constantly stopping on their way to courtesy down to the ground, and then to pull a hand from the inevitable muff, and extend it with a certain formal heartiness to meet another hand. I never have to pull out my hand from the wide sleeves of my furred cloak, which I try to persuade the Swedes answer for the muff, into which all classes, even without bonnets on their heads, must insert their hands. Voices are buzzing round me in congratulation or hopeful wishes. Perhaps even now some airy voice may syllable my name, but it does not reach me. Well, what matter? If I had to shake many hands, mine would be frozen; and if I had to say: "Hur star det till!" to all the friends I met, my breath would be congealed, as it is on the countless mustaches and beards around me.

I returned alone, as I had gone out, and alone I was to be. There was no dinner dressed in the house this day; every creature had left the immense building, servants and all; a poor old woman was, I believe, in some remote corner, sent in just to see that no one ran away with it. I was alone, and had to make the best of my solitude. My respected and kind friends at the British Embassy had illness in their family, and no one else thought of the solitary stranger on that day of reunions; but there was good in this, too, for it taught me just to do the con-

trary if ever it lay in my way. Well, darkness came on, the people were all housed; within some doors, all were jocund, hearty — I dare say, sufficiently noisy, for within and without makes a vast difference in Swedish manners; but everything outside was still, and having nothing to look at but the snow, with the lights here and there glittering over it; and nothing to hear, for all traffic and even motion were at an end, save the chance tinkle of a stray sledge-bell — I found it was necessary to open the mental safety-valve, and therefore I took up my pen, when, as if to reward a good child, there came a ring to our door-bell, and I heard a voice outside asking the portress if the English Fruntimmer had gone out. I ran out on the bitterly cold stone passage, and called out "Nay!" — a word which is as good in Swedish as in English, and then I had the pleasure of at last saying, "How do you do?" on St. Stephen's Day of visiting in Sweden.

"I have come, madame," said this good Swede, with the usual number of bows, "to bring you to a wedding. You said you would like to see a wedding in the old style — a real Swedish wedding. It is to be in the country, about four miles off. The house was once a pleasure-house of Queen Christina's; it is thought she walks there still. The sledge is at the door, if you will come."

A Swedish wedding, and Queen Christina's ghost! I threw my pen away, ran into the next room, changed my dress, put on my cloak, pulled its hood over my head, and said "I am ready," before my Swede had had time enough to finish his bows. The sledge was waiting, and this was to be my first night-sledding; the horse was very large for a Swedish one, the carriage small and low; the driver stood on the board behind, holding the long reins, like a Hansom cabman, only the Swede never sits. In the clear twilight of that northern evening he looked strikingly picturesque, and quite in keeping with the white background of the *coup d'ail* we had in descending. A huge cape of black wolf or dog fur descended almost to his knees; a very high cap of the same, a sort of shako, surmounted his head, and was pulled down to his eyebrows; the fur-collar rose over his mouth, so that the vacant space left by the black fur revealed only the projection of a long, turned-up nose, and a pair of small, vividly black eyes, the sole members exposed to sight or to frost.

I was dressed for a covered sledge, and found this was an open one. No matter; I preferred braving the keen air to returning up those dark, ice-cold stone stairs for more muffling. We got in; pulled the fur apron over us; I said "Go on" in English, and my companion said "Go on" in Swedish; the bells jingled; and we were off. The white

ground, the clear calm air, the sparkling lights, were accessories to enjoyment. The sledge-bells sounded softly musical in the still air. "They are quite lulling," I said; "they would incline one to sleep on a journey."

"Yes," said my Swede: "I can assure you, madame, that our ladies in the country are often lulled to sleep by them when they are coming home at night, perhaps twenty or thirty miles — that is, of your miles — from the balls. But that is dangerous, oh, very dangerous indeed, to sleep at night in an open sledge; and then when they awake, they may also find themselves in the ditch."

"And do your ladies travel at night in open sledges?"

"That they must certainly do if they go to country balls; but they muffle themselves well up."

We were soon ascending the heights of Söder, or Södmalm, the south suburb of Stockholm. It was so beautiful! the lights from the many-windowed and unevenly-situated houses, the effects of which are an unceasing pleasure to me from my windows, were now sparkling out on the snow around, before, behind us; the palace was all lighted up; the old queen dowager, I believe, entertained her royal and most amiable son that day. We passed the water, or what was the water, where now the frost-bound ships and boats stood motionless and silent; the streets were as quiet as in the dead of night, yet it was scarcely six o'clock; only the half-frozen sentinels, and a strangely isolated-looking passenger, were to be seen. We got beyond the town. I beheld, for the first time in Sweden, a winter country-scene by night. My companion, assuring me that it did not always look so dreary, thought me very polite to him or his country, while all the time the admiration and pleasure expressed were real and heartfelt. The scenery was so new and picturesque to my eyes. The snow just then lay deep, the ground was abruptly broken into hills and hollows, the moon had not risen, yet all was distinctly visible in the clear twilight, and the large stars spangled the lofty sky; our tinkling bells warned a few walkers of our otherwise noiseless approach; but no decent woman in Sweden goes without a lantern, and the only one we met had hers in a curious fashion. I thought it was a moving lamp-post at a distance; but I found she had her lantern fastened like a great brooch to her person, in order that her hands should not be benumbed by holding it. At last, we left the public road, and ascended a hilly avenue to a very retired old house, which had once been a favorite villa of that famous, and perhaps still little understood personage, Queen Christina. The Swedes, who certainly relish a bit of scandal as much as any other of their na-

tional dishes, tell all sorts of stories about the origin of this retreat, which was then further removed from what *was* the fashionable side of Stockholm; but if this now common-place and dilapidated old house was really the scene of such adventures as they hint at, it is no wonder that the ghost of poor Queen Christina returns to visit, by the glimpses of the moon, the theatre of earthly and perhaps repented folly.

And when we got into this old house it appeared as strange a place for a modern wedding, as for old-fashioned royal love. The hall was dark as well as ancient; and the doubting, half-frightened look of the man who opened the door might lead us to the idea of some mystery but to none akin to any ideas I could form of either of such circumstances. He led us about as if he did not in the least know where to take us, or what to do with us. At last, we got into a small and quite unfurnished den; and he held a long thin candle for our service, but seemed afraid to act as Swedish servants always do, in pulling off and on boots and shoes, and stockings and cloaks, &c. Off this naked den was a gloomy closet, from whence a faint light issued. I penetrated its recess, in hopes of meeting the shade of Queen Christina, but I only startled that of a miserable-looking old man, who, without a chair, was leaning over the top of a high chest, using it as a table to read his psalm-book. But for that book I might have been frightened, and fancied I had been led wrong, and was to be made the heroine of my own romance, and to meet with all sorts of adventures. But the Swedish psalm-book has nothing to do with romance; and as few people read a good book when meditating a bad action, I dismissed all fear of robbers. At last, a young woman of my acquaintance ran into the room, exclaiming and scolding at my having been taken there. Then the facts of the case came out. The house and its premises were now a manufactory; the men I had seen were workmen, who had nothing at all to say to the wedding, poor fellows; and hearing me speak English to my companion, they never imagined that he could speak Swedish, or I either, and so let us do just as we liked. Another point which I began to understand was, that the house was lent only for the celebration of this wedding. As the bridegroom had to come a distance of fifty English miles on one side, and the bride about thirty on the other, they had agreed to begin a good rule in married life at the starting-post, and to meet half-way even at the altar; the man, whose greatness, we think, consists in yielding, giving up nearly half the distance in honor of the weaker vessel.

Leaving the young woman of the house to complete the toilet we had suspended, I made my way alone to a large low-ceiled apartment, called, in barbarized Swedish-French,

*salong*, where an abundant supply of wooden logs was burning in an immense old stove, covered with what we call Dutch tiles. In the centre of this large, bare, unfurnished room, and just under the glass chandelier, which hung from the low, beam-supported ceiling, was placed a curious-looking object, like a small ottoman, covered with a great pall of cotton velvet, edged with gold lace, which had that sort of suspicious look that goods hired out on stated occasions generally acquire. Two small hassocks for kneeling on stood before it. At the upper end of the apartment, a handsome youth of one-and-twenty was standing beside a robed and solemn-looking priest, who, with snuff-box in hand, was applying to it, and speaking to him alternately. What affinity have a marriage and an execution? I do not know; but certainly I entered that room expecting to see the one, and I immediately thought of the other—the block, the culprit, the priest, I saw—the executioner alone was wanting; but perhaps the priest was to be his proxy. However it was, the effect on me was anything but suitable to either occasion, for I burst into a laugh. That the singular-looking block in the centre of the floor was designed to represent the altar, never entered my thoughts until, very soon after my entrance, I heard the clergyman observe, that the low-hung chandelier might set the bride's crown on fire. "The crown! the crown!" was uttered by some voices at the door; and a few persons who were entering came forward, and, with the help of the young bridegroom, who had been standing beside the priest, removed the altar a little to one side.

This ceremony, I had been told, would take place at six o'clock, and at six I had come; but an hour or two in Swedish time makes not quite so much difference as a minute or two does in English. I spent such extra hour or two in as stupid and comfortless a manner as possible. The few persons who were in the room seemed to be awe-struck; the bridegroom behaved very properly, and showed less impatience than the priest, whose looks would have threatened a premature matrimonial reprimand if he had been the chosen spouse of the dilatory bride; the restless eyes and nervous movements of the snuff-box were indicative of impatience. At length, a crowd of guests came trooping in; the women all in large white shawls, and nearly all in black silk dresses. Then, soon after, there was a low murmur, and the priest started up, took a large pinch of snuff, used a colored handkerchief, and, returning it to his pocket, drew out a very large clean white one, and rolled one corner round his forefinger, allowing the rest to hang down to his feet. The officiating clergy of Sweden always carry a white handkerchief thus; but as it is not, I suppose,

a prescribed part of the Lutheran clerical habit, its purpose is quite puzzling to me. A slight movement on the part of the bridegroom turned my eyes to the door; it opened; a large party entered; the leader was a young, slight, rather delicate-looking girl, dressed in black, with a long sash of white ribbon round her waist, and a crown of the natural narrow-leaved myrtle on her head. Next to her came three young girls in white and colored dresses; and then the relatives of the bride. The young man came forward, took the hand of the girl in black with the myrtle-crown, and silently led her up to the ottoman. The priest was already behind it, with open book and pendent handkerchief: a few minutes, and all was over. The most solemn silence prevailed. The matrons appeared to me universally to look upon their young sister with compassion, and the unaffiliated girls to behold her with something like envy: the former at least began to weep, but Swedish tears flow readily. As soon as the ceremony was over, the bride had to bestow about 150 kisses, which was the number of persons present. And then — just when, as children say, she might seem to have given all her kisses away, she suddenly turned round, and with a look of recollection, murmured: "Ack! my Alfred!" and threw herself into the bridegroom's arms. The embrace was momentary; and as I had just been presented to her, she looked at me, saying, by way, I suppose, of apology: "I have not seen him for three months — never since we were betrothed."

The company adjourned to the inner room, where a general feeling of solemnity seemed to prevail. At last, the usual libation of bad white German wine appeared, to drink the health of the young couple, and at the same time entered the clergyman, whose office was not yet over: he carried a glass of wine in one hand, and the insignia of office, the white handkerchief, hanging from his finger. He made a long speech, extolling the state of matrimony in general, and its peculiar blessedness in this particular instance, ending with advice and religious exhortation, which drew forth a renewal of tears from the married ladies. When this was ended, I began to think a Swedish wedding was about as dull a thing as an English one, and, a little discontented, I strolled back again to the salong. A lady was at the piano, and I asked her if there would be any dancing; saying I had understood it was to be such a wedding as I wanted to see — a real old-fashioned Swedish one.

"Ah!" she replied, "there is no one disposed for dancing; they think too seriously for that. Yes, it is a serious thing to be married; and the priest's talk was so good! No, they will not dance to-night." All the time her fingers were moving the keys. The

bride and her husband appeared at the open folding-door; his arm was round her waist — her hand rested on his shoulder. Under the circumstances, such an attitude did not strike me as remarkable; but they flew from their post in a waltz; and in a moment almost every one but myself was whirling round the room. To understand the real labor of dancing, one should dance as the Swedes do. The English, beside them, would seem to dance in their sleep. As for the polka and gallopade, the men almost lifted their partners from the ground; and I should have thought it impossible that such slight, weak-looking creatures could sustain movements so violent, especially in airless rooms, and throughout a long winter, when dancing is almost all the amusement and life of all classes. One poor young man was a singular evidence of the excitement of the dancing mania. He came from the borders of Dalecarlia; his long light hair was worn as the men there wear it, hanging straight down the sides of his face, not two features of which seemed to have the least connection with each other; his legs were as little akin, one being some inches shorter than the other. The bridegroom good-naturedly tried to get him to dance, but for some time ineffectually. Finally, he yielded; and when once set in motion, there seemed no probability that he would ever stop of himself: the long hair flew wildly up and down, the heterogeneous features breathed the strongest excitement, the short leg pounced on the floor; one would have thought he had got Terpsichore herself for his partner.

At eleven o'clock my sledge had been ordered; and at eleven I was about to retire, when the bridegroom's men who had the charge of the entertainment beset me with entreaties to remain to supper. Every one said they "hoped the sweet Fruntimmer would not go away;" and when the bride told me that after supper her crown was to be danced off, and she hoped I would do her the honor to stay and look at her, I felt glad to consent to do what I wished. My open sledge was dismissed, and a covered one placed at my disposal. This real desire to please and gratify a stranger was shown throughout the evening. To the whole party I was quite unknown; and I now believe that much of what was performed on that evening was performed for my gratification, such weddings being now seldom seen. As soon as an enormous supper was hastily despatched, the salong was again cleared; a grave judge sat down to the piano, and struck up the wildest, most random-sounding music; all the unmarried people caught hands; all the married ones hastened to the furthest of the three rooms, which in Swedish are almost always *en suite*. Before I knew what was to be done, I found myself drawn along in a line, singing and moving to



this wild music, through the open doors; while another band formed at the further extremity, passed us, singing also, and capering in the same fashion. The bride and bridegroom were still in the band of the blessed single, and to keep them so there was to be a struggle. For my part, I would have let them go, if I had not wished to see the dancing fight. The poor little bride was now placed in the middle of the room, just under the chandelier; it was well she was so little; a handkerchief was tied over her eyes, and we women danced in a circle round her, while she in turns caught one and another in her arms, and swung her round and round in desperate energy; then the crown — loosened, shaking and tottering on her head — was to fall off on that of the girl who was to be next married. This movement was supposed to be accidental, the bride being blindfolded; but I happened to ask her sister beforehand if she hoped to get the crown, to which the girl rather sulkily answered: "No, it must go to the other bridemaid, who is betrothed." And so, on the head of the betrothed the myrtle-crown came down; and the choice it made was applauded by the men, who stood in an outer circle looking on, and clapped their hands when the *Fastrio* (betrothed) looked innocently confused at such an *apropos* accident. When her crown was off, I thought the play was over, but now came the struggle. The matrons made a dancing attack on the ranks of the single sisters, who enclosed the bride. The former were to take, the latter to retain her, if possible. For my part, knowing we formed a forlorn-hope, and believing that the object of our defence was a traitor in the camp, I should, perhaps, had I thought about it, have done just what I did; but I did not think, for in the confusion I mistook one party for the other, and, getting my arms round the passive bride, fairly drew her into the circle of matrons; and I dare say the captured one thanked me for putting an end to the contest.

Then the same thing was acted with the bridegroom, who had stood calmly looking on at his young wife's troubles, only his treatment was rougher and sooner over. The married men having got him, the single brethren seized him in their arms, and gave him a farewell fling towards the ceiling, which the interposition of the chandelier prevented his reaching. The horror of our poor hostess on this occasion formed the most laughable part of the scene; unable either to make herself heard or seen by the actors in it, and equally unable, I suppose, to resist the influence of the wild rattling music, she capered round the group, who were tossing the recreant, to the imminent peril of her chandelier, her arms and hands stretched out towards it, as if she fain would shelter it within them; her mouth wide open, and her eyes as full of

terror as if she saw the royal ghost rattling the glass pendants, that shook and jingled at every heave of the bridegroom. At last, having fairly turned the soles of his feet to the ceiling, they turned them downward again, and set him on them, looking just as equable and pleasant as ever.

It was now three o'clock in the morning; the covered sledge was waiting, the great man of the party — there is a great man at all parties — was to leave me at home. I endeavored to express my thanks, but was met with expressions of great thankfulness for the honor I had conferred; and so I came away. I do not think that anything could give me a more favorable idea of the manners of the Swedish people than the conduct I saw on this occasion.

The company, with the exception of the one great man in a civil uniform, were all of the lower rank of the trading classes. The handsome young bridegroom was, I think, foreman to a distiller; but, so far as a foreigner could judge, their manners were as unexceptionable as any I have met in the highest circles of their country; no word, look, or movement could offend the most delicate taste. Together with the absence of all awkward restraint, there was an evidently unassuming and all-pervading observance of the strictest decorum and politeness; and with the exception of that abominable practice of spitting — in which the priest was most proficient — in the corners of the room, there was not the least appearance of coarseness or vulgarity to be observed. Their politeness and good-will to myself I shall not readily forget.

At three o'clock precisely on that December morning, we walked down the snow-covered hill to meet the sledge which waited at its foot. The poor horses would have been the better for a share in the wild dance. The driver was a powerful man, so swathed in gray fur that not a bit even of his nose was visible; an English sportsman might have shot him in mistake for a bear. But the moon was now up, and such a moon as the Swedish one is! hanging between heaven and earth, distinct in the clear atmosphere, so large, so bright, and shedding that pale white light by which I have read a psalm in my prayer-book without spectacles.

The great man of the party insisted on leaving me at home, although he passed his own house, and I had my friend still with me; and as he unhappily heard me express a dislike to cigars, he insisted on sitting beside the driver, leaving the whole of the inside of his sledge to us. These things are of not the least consequence in themselves, but they are of consequence in indicating the manners of a people.

The lantern always accompanies carriages, whether the moon shines or not, and walkers



too; but the streets of Stockholm are not lighted when the almanac says the moon ought to shine. There is no gas, and oil is better spared than spent. The windows of the queen-dowager's apartments were still lighted as we passed the palace; shutters are not used in Stockholm, nor blinds commonly. They say her majesty sits up all night, but does not lie in bed all day, so that her old maids of honor have rather a waking life; they tell you she breakfasts at six in the evening, and dines at eleven at night.

I had brought a wax-taper in my pocket, and the key of the court-door. I lighted my taper at the judge's lantern, locked the court-door when he had ended his farewell bows; and having dismissed both him and the Swedish friend who had taken me to see the wedding, I mounted the hideous, dark stone stairs, and applied the key to the house-door where I lived; but, alas! it had been St. Ste-

phen's Day, and some of the other dwellers there having come home long before me, had bolted the door inside! The idea of finishing the night of St. Stephen's Day sitting on the cold, dark, terrible-looking stone stairs, set me, I suppose, into a state of desperation; and the violent bodily exercise to which I had been subjected stimulated my powers, so that I applied to the door in a manner that caused no little terror to my ancient hostess. Not even my voice would persuade her it was I, until she examined my rooms and found them empty. "Why, madame," said she, when she let me in, "how could I think you were not sleeping, when I know that in England no one goes out on St. Stephen's Day!" and as she thinks she knows more of my country fashions than I do myself, I only replied: "Well, for once I did go out on St. Stephen's Day to see an old-fashioned Swedish wedding."

THE modelling of the statue which the friends and admirers of the late Mr. George Stephenson have subscribed to his memory, being now complete—we, and others, were some days ago invited to a private view of the work. The figure—of which Mr. Bailly is the sculptor—is to be cast to a height of ten feet; and the character of the performance has been determined—as that of every really fine work of sculpture will be—by the conditions both of the subject and of the site. In the first place, the statue has the advantage of being intended for an interior—suitable to its magnitude; and this allows it to be executed in marble—a material wholly unfitted for permanent exposure to the open air of England. Then, it has the far rarer advantage of assimilating exactly with the shrine which it is to illustrate. It gives and takes character to and from its site. Intended to be placed in the Great Hall of the "North-Western" Terminus, at Euston Grove, it will be, as it were, the very *genius loci*. A very peculiar grove is Euston Grove—and he who shall look there for the Dryads, will be in search of the wrong deities. The pipe of the modern Pan is the steam whistle, and the shades of this retreat resound ever with the snorting of the great steeds of Commerce. The Hippocrene of Euston Grove bubbles with perpetual steam—and there, Pegasus is an iron horse. He has the hoof of fire, but his wings are driving-wheels. In the creation and interpretation of this new mythology, the late Mr. Stephenson had a most conspicuous part. Here will his figure fitly stand, on the threshold of that vast iron network which has brought far places close together, altered the relations of time and space, changed the conditions moral and physical of the world—and which his genius and his labor helped to create. Here the great engineer will, as it were, through the generations to come, overlook his own work. We presume that, whatever differences of opinion there may be on the ques-

tion of costume as applied to portrait sculpture in general, there is no difficulty about their solution in a case like this. To have dressed the modern Genius of Practical Science in a toga would be a solecism no greater than to have put classical robes on Mr. Stephenson who here represents it. The men who have made railways all wore coats and waistcoats, and a marble coat and waistcoat has Mr. Bailly given to Mr. George Stephenson. For many an age to come the thousands and hundreds of thousands who shall pour through this hall, as the vestibule to the North, will see here the man "in his armor as he lived;"—not clad in the garments of a past the very fragments of whose system he helped to break up, but in that ordinary costume of the time from beneath which his spirit breathed along the great lines on which they are about to travel. The Muse of one age is not the Muse of another. This age has a poetry most emphatically its own—to which all its accidents conform—and the true artist is he who recognizes and embodies it. For the real poet, by whatever vehicle he speaks, there are no conventions. If one man represents more than most others the peculiar poetry of our time as opposed to the classical—work-land against dream-land—it is the late George Stephenson, and to have hung around him any of the shreds of the classic system would have been so far essentially to uncharacterize him. Mr. Bailly has dealt with the poetry he found, adding no other, save so much of his own art as—allowably—just refines—slightly idealizes, without changing. They who knew the late Mr. Stephenson well, pronounce this work to be admirable as a portrait. The unpromising materials have grown plastic in the sculptor's hands, and are made to yield their own significance to the presentment. Mr. Bailly has thought that a peculiarly English genius of the nineteenth century might be expressed in the characters of the country and the time.

From the Athenæum.

*Demetrius the Impostor. An Episode in Russian History.* By PROSPER MERIMÉE. Translated by Andrew R. Scoble. Bentley.

THE history of the Russian adventurer Demetrius, by M. Mérimée, has a double interest; it is one of the most stirring episodes in the annals of Russia—and it is one of the most remarkable examples on record of a species of historical illusion of which almost all parts of the world have furnished characteristic instances—but which has not yet received a sufficiently profound investigation at the hands of philosophic historians. Many places of the world have produced impostors, who, personating dead men, and laying claim to their honors, have for a time had a career of success. The Perkin Warbeck of English History is no solitary example of imposture aiming at a crown. But perhaps in no case has imposture been associated with so many circumstances disposing us partially to respect it, and even to question whether, after all, it was imposture in the strictest sense of the term, as in the case of the pseudo-Tsar, Demetrius.

Ivan the Terrible had died in 1584, leaving his elder son Feodor to succeed him on the throne, and a younger son, Demetrius, the issue of a seventh marriage, and a mere infant, as presumptive heir. Feodor, who was weak and unable to rule personally, governed by his brother-in-law, Boris Godunov, a man of great ability, but severe, tyrannical, and unpopular. By the orders of Boris, the *Tsarevitch* Demetrius (the Tsar's son) was educated at Ooglitich, under the care of his mother, the Tsarina-Dowager and his uncles. He had grown up to be a mad, ferocious imp, of ten years of age, when, one day in May, 1591, he was found in the court-yard of the palace, with his throat cut. Whether he had been murdered, or whether he had accidentally fallen in an epileptic fit on a knife with which he was playing at the time, could not be ascertained. The people about the palace, however, and the populace of Ooglitich believed that he had been murdered; and a dreadful riot ensued, during which various persons were killed on suspicion. The Regent Boris, having instituted an inquiry into the case, exculpated the supposed murderer, inflicted the severest punishment on the rioters, and caused it to be declared that the *Tsarevitch* had died by an accident. The belief, however, that he had been murdered still remained; and it was whispered about that the murderer was no other than the Regent Bois himself, who had removed the young *Tsarevitch* to prepare for his own accession to the throne.

On the death of Feodor, which occurred in 1598, and which was also attributed, though

without just cause, to secret violence, Boris did ascend the throne. For five years he reigned as Tsar; governing with great energy, but with such haughtiness and cruelty as to become universally hated. The Russians were exasperated, and were in a state of mind to hail any one who should promise to deliver them from the tyranny of Boris. Such a man appeared.

Suddenly a surprising rumor was brought from the frontiers of Lithuania, and spread with incredible rapidity through all the provinces of the empire. The *Tsarevitch* Demetrius, who was believed to have been assassinated at Ooglitich, was still living in Poland. Having been favorably received by a palatine, he had made himself known to the principal nobles of the republic, and was preparing to reclaim his hereditary throne. It was related that he had wandered for some time in Russia, concealed beneath the frock of a monk. The archimandrite of the convent of the Saviour at Novgorod-Severski had given him a lodging without recognizing him. The prince had proceeded from thence to Kief, leaving in his cell a note, in which he declared that he was Demetrius, the son of Ivan the Terrible, and that he would one day recompense the hospitality of the archimandrite. On the other hand, it was stated that persons worthy of belief had seen the *Tsarevitch* among the Zaporogue Cossacks, taking part in their military expeditions, and distinguishing himself by his courage and address in all warlike experiences. The name of the ataman under whose orders he had enrolled himself was also given. Other authorities declared that they had seen the same personage, at the same time, studying Latin at Huszcza, a small town in Volhynia. Though reports were contradictory as to details, they all agreed on this one point—that Demetrius was still living, and that he intended to call the usurper to account for all his crimes. About the middle of the year 1603, at Braham, in Lithuania, a young man, who had been for some time attached to the service of Prince Adam Wiszniowiecki, in the capacity of equerry or *valet de chambre*, declared to him that he was the *Tsarevitch* Demetrius. He related that a physician named Simon, a Wallachian or German by birth, having become acquainted with the sinister designs of Boris, or rather having received large offers from him to destroy the life of the presumptive heir, had feigned consent, in order that he might better frustrate the plans of the tyrant. On the night fixed for the assassination, this faithful servant had placed in the bed of the *Tsarevitch* the child of a surr, of about the same age, who had been put to death. Feeling convinced that Feodor was so completely under the influence of Boris that it would be impossible to obtain justice from him, the physician had fled from Ooglitich with young Demetrius; and had afterwards confided him to the care of a gentleman devotedly attached to his family, who, in order to guard him more effectually from the hatred of Boris, had made him enter a convent. The physician was dead, as well as the gentle-

man to whom he had confided the prince. In the absence of these two witnesses, the unknown produced a Russian seal, bearing the name and arms of the Tsarevitch, and a golden cross adorned with precious stones of considerable value. This, he said, was the present which, according to Russian usage, he had received from his godfather, Prince Ivan Mstislavski, on the day of his baptism. The young man, who declared that he was the son of Ivan, appeared to be about twenty or twenty-two years of age. If Demetrius had lived he would have been twenty-two years old in 1603. He was small of stature, but broad-shouldered, and possessed of remarkable vigor and agility. His hair was sandy, indeed almost red, in color; his eyes were of a pale blue, and yet his complexion was very swarthy, as is frequently the case with the inhabitants of cold countries. It was well known that Maria Fëdorovna, the mother of Demetrius, was quite a brunette, and that Ivan the Terrible was rather below the middle height. Those who remembered the Tsar Ivan perceived a family likeness in the face of the unknown; and yet, the Tsar was a handsome man, whilst the features of his pretended son were not at all prepossessing. Several of his contemporaries, who had frequent opportunities of seeing him, represent him to have had a large face, prominent cheek-bones, a flat nose, thick lips, and little or no beard; and this description corresponds almost exactly with his portrait in the Academy of St. Petersburg, and with an engraving published in Poland in 1606. We notice in it, as it were, an exaggeration of the Slavic type, associated with an expression of remarkable firmness and energy. The unknown further exhibited two warts which he had, one on his forehead and the other under his right eye. One of his arms, also, was rather longer than the other. All these signs, apparently, were well known to have been remarked in the child who had died at Ooglicht.

It was in Poland, then a more powerful country than Russia, and not well disposed towards Boris, that the young Pretender gained his first adherents and matured his scheme of invasion. His most active friend was George Mnisek, Palatine of Sendomir — with whose beautiful daughter the adventurer fell in love. The exertions of this friend won over the Papal Nuncio at the Polish court, and also Sigismund, King of Poland. Many of the adherents of Demetrius really believed in his claims as Tsarevitch; others sided with him on grounds of policy — Sigismund, for example, out of hostility to Russia, and the Papal legate out of a hope, suggested by the adventurer, that his accession to the Russian throne would be favorable to the interests of the Latin Church in that country. By one means or another, Demetrius got together a considerable force of Poles, Cossacks and Germans — and invaded Russia, where there was already an enthusiastic disposition to receive him as the lawful Tsar. Of the progress of the impostor's arms, till by

the defeat of the forces of Boris, and the death of Boris himself, he was able to enter Moscow in triumph, M. Mérimée gives a succinct but clear account. Entering Moscow on the 20th of June, 1605, Demetrius immediately assumed the reins of government, and sent for his betrothed Marina, the daughter of Mnisek, to share his throne. The marriage was celebrated with feasts and ceremonies of barbaric pomp; and the only drawback to the universal rejoicing was, the discontent of some of the Russian boyards with the introduction of so many foreigners into Moscow, and with the favor shown to them and their religion by the new Tsar. The conduct of the young impostor in his capacity as ruler is thus described by M. Mérimée, who evidently regards him as a man of no ordinary character :—

His conduct and all his habits contrasted singularly with those of his predecessors. He was resolved to reign by himself, to know everything, to see everything with his own eyes. Basmanof, though always treated by him with the greatest distinction, and even with friendship, quickly perceived that it would not be easy to govern this young man of twenty-three years old, whose Mentor he had undoubtedly hoped to become. Demetrius would have neither favorite nor master. He was determined that all should bend to his will, and yet, despot though he was, he was fond of discussion, and allowed his boyards the most complete liberty to contradict him. He daily presided over his council; and his prodigious memory, his quickness of perception, and his penetration, confounded his ministers. They inquired where he could have gained such a thorough acquaintance with the state of his empire, its wants and its resources. Though tolerating and even inviting contradiction, he too frequently abused his superiority to rail pitilessly at adversaries whom he had convinced of mistake, or whom respect had reduced to silence. His pleasantries left wounds as deep as the insults of a capricious and unreasoning tyrant could have produced. Moreover, he too openly displayed a partial preference for foreign customs, which shocked the prejudices of the Muscovites. He was incessantly quoting the example of Poland, that ancient enemy of Russia, and extolling on every occasion the superiority of her laws and of her civilization. "Travel, and gain instruction," he would say to his boyards, "you are savages; you need the polish of education." These jests upon the ignorance of his subjects were never forgiven; for that ignorance, in the eyes of many persons, bore a sacred character, akin to that of the ancient religion and time-honored customs of the country. When he entered Moscow, it was still a prey to the ravages of famine, and misery prevailed throughout the city. He succeeded in promptly remedying this sad state of things by wise regulations which, by encouraging commerce and the importation of food, soon produced abundance in the place of dearth. He also applied himself, from the very outset of his reign, to reforming the administration of justice, by setting bounds

to the rapacity of the judges, and prohibiting the slowness of their proceedings. Following the example of many Tsars whose memory was cherished in the traditions of the people, he appeared every Sunday and Wednesday on the threshold of his palace, and there received all petitions with his own hand. He interrogated his petitioners with kindness, listened patiently to their statements, and frequently terminated with a single word an affair which had lasted for long years. If he found it necessary to reject a request, he did it with so much consideration, that his obliging words gave almost as much satisfaction as if he had granted a favor. His indefatigable activity of mind and body astonished all his court, but the Muscovites, accustomed to the solemn etiquette of their Tsars, thought that he was sometimes wanting in dignity. For example, instead of going to church in a carriage, according to custom, he repaired thither on horseback, and frequently on a restive steed, which he took delight in managing. . . . In former times, Tsars never passed from one room into another, without being supported under the arms by several of their courtiers. They were guided and led about like children in leading-strings. All these tiresome ceremonies were now set aside. The new Tsar went out of his palace without informing any one, almost always without a guard, executing on the spur of the moment any thought that occurred to his mind. He walked on foot through the town, sometimes inspecting the works of a cannon-foundry which he had just established at Moscow, sometimes entering into the shops, chatting with the merchants, especially with foreigners, and displaying great curiosity to examine everything and become acquainted with the instruments and products of their industry. His chamberlains and body-guards frequently had to look for him in street after street, and found it extremely difficult to find him again. Whenever he heard of any new branch of industry, he immediately became desirous to introduce it into Russia, and made the most advantageous offers to skillful artisans and enlightened merchants, in order to induce them to settle in his dominions. He was fond of the arts, and particularly of music. It is said that he was the first tsar who took vocal and instrumental performers into his service. During his meals, symphonies were executed—a Polish fashion, then newly introduced, and regarded almost as scandalous by the Russians. Many persons would have preferred that he should have got drunk with his buffoons, like Ivan the Terrible, rather than that he should listen to German or Polish musicians. . . . His skill in all warlike exercises, and his dashing intrepidity, gained him the admiration of his soldiers, and especially of the Cossacks; but the mass of the nation found it difficult to reconcile this restlessness and taste for useless dangers with the idea which they had formed to themselves of a Tsar of all the Russians. Scrupulous persons, in particular, found much to complain of in his conduct, in all that regarded religious practices. He was inattentive at divine service, he frequently forgot to salute the holy images

before taking his meals, and he sometimes rose abruptly from table without washing his hands. This was then considered the height of impiety. Another crime imputed to him was, that he did not go regularly to the bath on Saturdays. On the day of his coronation, one of the Polish Jesuits who had accompanied him paid him a compliment in Latin, which no one understood, and the Tsar, perhaps, as little as any one; but the devotees had no doubt that the speech contained horrid blasphemies against the national religion, for all knew that Latin was the language of the Papists. Sometimes, when speaking to Russian ecclesiastics, he used the expressions, "*Your religion, your worship.*" It was inferred from this that he had his own particular religion, which could be nothing else than the Latin heresy. At one of the sittings of the imperial council, it was represented to him that a proposition which he had just brought forward was condemned by the seventh oecumenical council, the last whose authority is recognized by the Greek Church. "Well," he replied, "what of that? the eighth council may, very likely, come to a contrary decision on the matter."

Besides devoting his attention to internal reforms, Demetrius cherished schemes for aggrandizing Russia among the nations, and for placing her at the head of a great Slavonic empire. For this purpose, he broke with Sigismund, King of Poland, and made preparations for a war against him. But in the midst of his projects, and when, as yet, he had reigned but a few months, he was surprised by a conspiracy, the leaders of which were some of the Russian boyards whom he had most favored. His imprudence and confidence prevented him from taking means to protect himself; and on the night of the 28th of May, 1606, his palace was attacked, himself slain, and a vast number of Poles were massacred in the streets of Moscow. M. Mérimée thus describes the death of the impostor:—

As for Demetrius, seeing the first door of the palace broken through, and feeling convinced that all resistance was useless, he threw down his sword, ran through the apartments of the Tsarini, and made his way to the chamber most remote from the place which the rebels were assailing. He had, it is said, received a sabre wound in his leg. However, he opened a window which looked into the open space where the palace of Boris, which he had ordered to be demolished, had formerly stood; the window was more than thirty feet above the ground, but there was no one in the neighborhood, and he jumped down. In his fall he had the misfortune to break his leg, and the pain was so intense that he fainted. A moment after he recovered his consciousness, and his groans attracted the attention of a few Strelitz from a neighboring guard-house, who recognized him. Moved with compassion, these soldiers lifted him up, gave him some water to drink, and seated him on a

stone which remained of the foundations of the palace of Boris. The Tsar now regained sufficient strength to speak to the soldiers, who swore to defend him. In fact, when the rebels came to demand their prey, they replied by discharging their arquebuses, and killed several of the foremost rioters. But soon the crowd increased, attracted by the tumult, and by shouts that the Tsar had at length been discovered. The Strelitz were surrounded and threatened; they were called upon to give up the impostor, or the mob would go to their suburb and massacre their wives and children, who had been left there defenceless. Then the frightened Strelitz laid down their arms, and abandoned the wounded man. With horrible acclamations of triumph, the multitude fell upon him, and dragged him, with blows and imprecations, to a room in the palace, which had been already pillaged. As Demetrius, in the power of his executioners, passed before his prisoner body-guards, he extended his hand towards them in token of farewell, but did not utter a word. One of his gentlemen, a Livonian, named Furstenberg, transported with rage, attempted though unarmed, to defend him. The rebels transfixed the brave fellow with a thousand blows, whilst he was vainly endeavoring to preserve his master. If Demetrius was not instantaneously massacred, it was only because the ingenious hatred of his assassins wished to prolong his sufferings. He was stripped of his imperial robes, and the caftan of a pastrycook was thrown over him. "Look at the Tsar of all the Russias!" shouted the rebels. "He has now put on the dress which befits him." "Dog of a bastard," said a Russian gentleman, "tell us who you are, and whence you came!" Demetrius collected all his remaining strength, and, raising his voice, said: "Every one of you knows that I am your Tsar, the legitimate son of Ivan Vasilievitch. Ask my mother if it is not so; or, if you desire my death, at least give me time to confess myself." Thereupon, a trader named Valouief, breaking through the press, cried out, "Why talk so long with this dog of a heretic? This is how I'll shrive this Polish piper!" And he fired a shot from his arquebus into the breast of the Tsar, which put an end to his agony.

The death of Demetrius did not end the curious episode in Russian history of which he was the chief figure. The conspirators raised their leader, Basil Schuisky, to the throne; but the country continued in a state of commotion and revolt — partly on account of the regrets of many of the people who admired the slain usurper — partly on account of the fresh attempts of new adventurers, who pretended that Demetrius had not been slain, but escaped. With one of these, who assumed to be Demetrius himself, Marina, the wife of the slain Tsar, associated herself — though with a very bad grace. At length, order was restored by the deposition of Basil, the assassination of the second Demetrius, and the elevation to the throne, by a patriotic faction, of a native nobleman, Michael Roma-

nov, the founder of the present Russian dynasty (March, 1613). These events, constituting a kind of appendage to the proper biography of the first Demetrius, are also narrated in considerable detail by M. Mérimée.

So far as M. Mérimée is concerned, the real origin of Demetrius, his real name, and his real antecedents, still remain involved in mystery. We are somewhat disappointed at this — though probably it was inevitable in the state of the evidence; and we are also a little disappointed that M. Mérimée has not attempted a more profound appreciation of the character and aims of the impostor, and of the function of imposture in general as illustrated by his case. The book is, nevertheless, a beautiful piece of historical writing, and a valuable contribution to our knowledge of Russian history. It appears to be well translated.

## TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis Morn — the sea-breeze seems to bring  
Joy, health, and freshness on its wing;  
Bright flowers, to me all strange and new,  
Are glittering in the early dew,  
And perfumes rise from every grove,  
As incense to the clouds that move  
Like spirits o'er yon welkin clear;  
But I am sad — thou art not here!

'Tis Noon — a calm, unbroken sleep  
Is on the blue wave of the deep;  
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,  
Is floating over wood and stream,  
And many a broad magnolia flower,  
Within its shadowy woodland bower,  
Is gleaming like a lonely star,  
But I am sad — thou art afar!

'Tis Eve — on earth the sunset skies  
Are printing their own Eden dyes;  
The stars come down and trembling glow,  
Like blossoms on the wave below,  
And like an unseen spirit, the breeze  
Seems lingering 'mid the orange trees,  
Breathing its music round the spot;  
But I am sad — I see thee not!

'Tis Midnight — with a soothing spell  
The far-off tones of ocean swell —  
Soft as the mother's cadence mild,  
Low bending o'er her sleeping child,  
And on each wandering breeze are heard  
The rich notes of the mocking-bird,  
In many a wild and wondrous lay;  
But I am sad — thou art away!

I sink in dreams — Low, sweet and clear,  
Thy own dear voice is in mine ear;  
Around my cheek thy tresses twine,  
Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine,  
Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed,  
Thy head is pillowed on my breast;  
Oh, I have all my heart holds dear  
And I am happy — thou art here!



From Household Words.

### SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

As late as eight-and-twenty years since, across the open road at the great western entrance into London, between the triple archway and screen of the Park and the triumphal gateway of Constitution Hill, there stretched a turnpike with double lodges. To that turnpike, half a century earlier, I wish the reader to accompany me. An unusual number of people are collected (it is Thursday, the 3rd of August, 1775) to see the king and queen returning from the drawing-room. It is not much of a show. Not even a gilt coach figures in it, or a prancing horse, or a company of lancers or dragoons. Only a stir is perceived at the further end of the crowd, two lines are formed, and through them come two sedan chairs, each surmounted by a crown and borne by two men in the royal liveries — majesty in the one exhibiting itself in very light cloth with silver buttons; and in the other wearing lemon-colored flowered silk on a light cream-colored ground. And so, between the two lines, observing, smiling, and bowing as they pass, George the Third and Queen Charlotte move away; and the sight is over.

But even then, for one person in the crowd, the scene appears not to lose all its interest. He is a small, thin, precise-looking man, in a dress of grave, square cut, with a large bush wig, very sharp features, long nose and chin, a keen, restless eye, a step as active and firm as though it carried sixteen instead of sixty winters, and a complexion certainly not tanned by an English sun. But he speaks English; and, asking of one who stands near what that noble red-brick house is that bears the look of having sprung up quite recently at the gate of Hyde Park, is told that it has just been built by the Lord Chancellor Apsley, on ground taken out of the park, and given him for the purpose by the king.

The stranger had probably more interest in the answer than he expected when he put the question. Within that house, he could hardly fail then to remember, there lived with Chancellor Apsley his father, Lord Bathurst, the celebrated friend of Pope and Swift; from whose life, wanting now but nine years to complete its cycle of a century, Burke had drawn the happy illustration which he had thrown out six months ago in the House of Commons, in a speech already admired of all men, but to the man now standing by Apsley gate more than commonly impressive. Having to move certain resolutions for a basis of conciliation with our American colonies in the dispute at this time raging, the great orator had pointed to Lord Bathurst's venerable age, for proof that within the short period of the life of man our commercial and colonial

prosperity had risen, and for warning that the same brief space might suffice for its not less rapid fall. Here was one, said Burke, who had lived in days when America served for little more than to amuse Dutch William's subjects with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; who had survived to days when as much as England had won through the civilizing conquests and settlements of seventeen hundred years, had been added to her by that very America in the course of half a century; and who yet might be spared to see these fruits of man's energy blasted by man's folly, and all this glorious prosperity withered and passed away. As merely a burst of eloquence, this was a thing to be remembered; but to the stranger of whom I speak it possessed a nearer interest. For if the resolutions with which it closed had not been contemptuously rejected, the revolution which had driven him here into exile might not in his days have begun. If concession to those American colonies of the right of taxing themselves, of the right of trial in places where offences were committed, and of the privilege of juries in admiralty courts, had found more than seventy-eight supporters in a house of three hundred and forty-eight members the peal of musketry which had broken over Lexington might not have been heard by that generation; and Mr. Samuel Curwen, prosperous merchant and judge of admiralty at Salem in New England, would not have found himself, a sudden fugitive from home, standing before Apsley House that August afternoon.

Two days after the Lexington affair he had taken flight from the port of Boston. His little native town of Salem was then in a flame. Some weeks earlier he had been pointed at and denounced for an ardent loyalist; but when the new militia bands had once crossed arms with the king's troops, this feeling broke all bounds. Everywhere men who had claimed the right to uphold opinions adverse to those of the majority of their fellow-citizens, were driven forth with ignominy. We are told to forgive our enemies, was the fierce cry which rose on all sides, but we are not told to forgive our friends. Mr. Curwen thought he might possibly escape unmolested in Philadelphia; but on arriving there, in his precipitate flight from Boston, he found the militia as eager to put shoulder to shoulder in peaceful Pennsylvania, as he had left them in puritan Massachusetts; drums were beating, colors flying; and he saw two companies of armed quakers, commanded by Friend Samuel Marshall, and Friend Thomas Miffin, parading the streets of the drab-coated city. So there was nothing left for this poor ex-colonial judge of admiralty, but to put himself on board a schooner bound for England, and try to find with us the liberty of opinion

which America was then too bent on seizing for herself to have time to concede to her offspring. He was at sea nearly two months; and long before he landed at Dover, in July, the battle of Bunker's Hill had been fought, and all hopes of peaceful accommodation closed.

When Judge Curwen fled from the rebellious colonies he was sixty years old, when he went back to the triumphant young republic he was sixty-nine; and of the eventful years which formed the interval—all of them passed in England, and all with the usual penalties of exile, though some with more than its usual enjoyment—he left a curious record in a diary which his surviving representatives printed in New York a dozen years ago,\* and in which those past days, with all their pains and pleasures, their hopes and their misgivings, still live for us with a vivid and singular reality. For the record was honest and genuine, as in the main the diarist himself was. He does not appear, indeed, to have been of the heroic stuff of martyrs. If the liberty of opinion he craved had been conceded to him, it would probably have involved nothing graver than the liberty to change his opinion; for he was clearly a man impassible by events, and would probably have saved himself a very long voyage, and very great inconvenience, if he could only have held his tongue till after the first few blows were struck in the war of his fellow-citizens for independence. Not that he was a time-server—far from that; his views within his line of sight were steady and unwavering; but in politics this line stretched but a little way, and took also a subsequent not dishonorable bias from his avowed liking for his native land. In other respects he was a man of fair learning, and more than average accomplishment; not at all intolerant of opinions at issue with his own; in religion a dissenter of the class still most prevalent in New England, in his tastes scholarly and refined, not ill-read in general literature, prone to social enjoyments, a reasonably good critic of what he saw—altogether an excellent example of the class of men out of whom the Fathers and Founders of that great republic sprang; and a companion not less pleasant than instructive to pass a few hours with, as I hope the reader will find.

If he also finds, as he moves in such company through some memorable scenes long past, that on all sides views are entertained of the probable results of this quarrel between

Great Britain and her Colonies, which at the present day appear almost too monstrous for belief, he will not be less kindly disposed to the elderly New Englander who felt that he could only resolve by headlong flight the many awful doubts that were besetting him of what must follow a contest so unnatural. With its only practical issue, Separation, staring every one in the face at the period his diary begins—no one is bold enough to confront it. The idea is not more abhorrent to Lords North and George Germaine than it is to Chatham and to Burke. It will appear not less to the credit of Mr. Curwen's sagacity than of his humanity that he constantly urged conciliation, because he held steadily to the belief that America never would be conquered by arms; but not for an instant, till the very last, did he doubt that the downfall of both countries would follow fast on the heels of what was called "Independence." And all around him, whether favorable or not to the claims of the insurgent colonists, are not less firmly of that opinion. It was not till Mr. Curwen had been living more than two years in England, that (on the night of the 3rd September, 1777) he met one man at Bristol who held quite different views. This eccentric person will appear in our second chapter.

But whatever errors in political science might be prevalent—did the great mass of the people even on this side of the Atlantic, though much ill-blood had been violently stirred, desire other than a speedy and amicable close to this breaking out of quarrel? Mr. Curwen tells us, no. The experience of his first two months in London sufficed to prove to him that though the upper ranks, most of the capital stockholders, and the principal nobility, were for forcing at all hazards supremacy of Parliament over the insurgent colonies, yet from the middle ranks downward the people were decidedly opposed to it. He went into all kinds of coffee-houses (a better index of public opinion in those days than the club-houses since have been), and though he found the resistance of America the standing topic of dispute, and the dispute "something warm," yet it was always "without abuse or ill-nature." Indeed, in one of the very first letters he had to write out after his arrival, when he had not been five weeks in London, he mentions the surprise with which he had found "a tenderness in the minds of many here for America, even of those who disapprove of the principles of an entire independence of the British legislature, and ardently wish an effort may be made to accommodate." He went hardly anywhere into English middle class society that he did not, at the outset of this wretched quarrel, find a manly tolerance expressed for that of which he confesses he had himself in America been very far from equally tolerant. There was one

\* It was printed in 1842, with the title of *Journal and Letters of the late Samuel Curwen, Judge of Admiralty, &c.; an American refugee in England*; under the editorship of Mr. George Atkinson Ward, "Member of the New York Historical Society, and Honorary Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society."

house indeed, where, with the noblest echo of this better feeling, he might also have heard a noisier and more violent majority eager to welcome extremities from which the bulk of the nation recoiled; but he could not find his way into it. In the fourth month after his arrival, Burke was upholding with unabated and unrivalled eloquence another motion in that house "to compose the present troubles and quiet the minds of His Majesty's subjects in America," but Mr. Curwen in vain exerted himself to obtain admission. After another month, Lord North in a very different spirit was urging there, amid *Hear him!* of greater triumph and with a success of numbers more potent than Burke's reasoning or wit, his bill for absolutely prohibiting all future commercial intercourse with America; and still Mr. Curwen knocked at the gallery door in vain. He remonstrated at last; he spoke to Mr. George Hayley, M. P., whom he met in the Strand; and Mr. Hayley, an active and bustling city member in those days, now faded out of human memory, could only assure the respected ex-judge that really all strangers for the present time must be excluded, for the attendances were great, the floor of the House too small, and positively the members themselves could not get on without the gallery.

But if he must wait (it is only for a time) the unbarring of those inhospitable doors, many more genial ones have been meanwhile, and still are, opening to him. Let us go back a little, and retrace what amusements or occupations they were that relieved the first months of his exile. For this agitated time offered no exception to the law which prevails at every other, and which, in presence of the most trivial interests that can engage the individual attention, seems to dwarf the mightiest that affect the welfare of the world. It is of course not really so, as a very little reflection teaches us. We perceive it to be the result of one of the wisest of providential arrangements, that when we penetrate beneath the surface of the most wide-spread calamities that absorb the attention of history, we should find the ordinary currents of human life moving on with little suffering or disturbance; and we can afford to leave entirely to the use of jaded men of fashion such regrets as Horace Walpole was at this particular hour indulging, that so little grief should be felt by the public for the public misfortunes, and that theatres, operas, parties, dinings, merry-makings, fashionable preachings, and Sunday evening promenades, should still be in progress just as usual, though armies were surrendering, fleets showing the white feather, and an incalculable ministry despoiling the Crown of what Horace protests is "its brightest jewel" — the Colonies of North America!

Judge Curwen has only been one day in London when he is to be discovered strolling

about Westminster Hall, remarking it as something odd that the Master of the Rolls (then Sir Thomas Sewell) should be sitting in court with his hat on; finding the noise "much greater than would be allowed in our American courts;" thinking it unbecoming the dignity of a judge that, in place of peremptorily checking the noise and confusion, Mr. Justice Nares should actually submit to rise out of his seat, step forward, and lean down to hear; and giving other intimations of an old-world formality and love of grave precision which a modern visitor from the New World would hardly be expected to display. He saw, of course, on this and on other occasions the Chief Justice, and thought his manner very like "the late Judge Dudley of Massachusetts;" all but those peering eyes of his, which denoted a penetration and comprehension peculiarly his own. After that hard look at Mansfield, the man whose eloquence was ever loudest against his countrymen, and whose politics, admired in his tory days in America, now appear to him far less palatable in these days of exile — (an "excellent judge and mischievous politician" is the character he gives of him) — he is most anxious to get sight of Wedderburn, who only last year had flung in Benjamin Franklin's face the grossest insult that language could frame; and in Mansfield's court he discovers the indiscreet and fiery little Serjeant, but not saying anything that was worthy of remembrance. In the Common Pleas he sees Blackstone, already famous across the Atlantic as the author of the Commentaries; and, before leaving Westminster Hall, he entertains himself in the committee chamber of the House of Commons at the examination of the witnesses in the case of the Worcester election, observing the M. P.s sitting on an elevated bench looking like a court of sessions, and noting that the examination is carried on by advocates "with regularity and decency."

From the law courts to the theatres is no violent step, reflecting as they do in pretty equal proportions the passions and humors of life, alike dealing largely in fictitious pathos and purchased buffonery, and differing mainly in the fact that the law court beats the theatre in the reality of the catastrophes witnessed or inflicted in it. Mr. Curwen being a man of some taste, of course his first attempt was to see Garrick; and on a night when he was acting Hamlet, he forced his way into Drury Lane. He found him in all respects greatly above the standard of the performers who surrounded him, yet thought him even more perfect in the expression of his face, than in the accent and pronunciation of his voice. But it is to be remembered that the great actor, now in his sixtieth year, was arrived at his last season, and after this was to be seen no more; a fact of which Mr.

Curwen had no very agreeable evidence in attempting to get into Drury Lane a few months later to see him play Archer in Farquhar's delightful comedy, when, so enormous was the crowd, that after "suffering thumps, squeezes, and almost suffocation, for two hours," he was obliged to "retire without effecting it." He attempted it with no better success a few weeks later, when the dazzling performance of Richard, which had first startled London five-and-thirty years before, was given for the last time; when their majesties both were present, the theatre was again crammed to suffocation, and Mr. Curwen again turned back a disappointed man. He had to console himself as he might with Mrs. Barry at Covent Garden, where he saw and admired her fine person in Constance; where also he saw a lady play Macheath, thinking it "a great impropriety, not to say indecency;" where he thought Quick a good actor, too; and discreetly singled out Moody for praise before the merits of that performer were publicly acknowledged. On the whole, though, this particular time was but a dull time for theatres, as the interval between the sinking of a great star and the rising of any other generally is; and there seems no reason to attribute to anything but the correctness of his taste the formal complaint of our American critic, that he has no wish to indulge a cynical or surly disposition, yet cannot help declaring that he finds great disappointment at the London theatrical performances. The bulk of the actors fell below his idea of just imitation. To his seeming they overacted, underacted, or contradicted nature; the nicest art of the stage, which is to mark the lines of separation between humors or passions bearing to each other only general resemblances, appeared to be lost altogether; the hero was a bully, the gentleman a coxcomb, the coxcomb a fool, the fine lady affected, insipid, or pert; and nothing but the lower grades of character, the gamesters, chamber-maids, or footmen, were represented to the mark of what was true. As a reward to this well-informed lover of the theatre, however, for reaching London so late as the last season of Garrick, it so befell that he did not quit London till he had assisted at the first success of Mrs. Siddons, and saw the stage as it were reawaken at the inspiration of her genius.

Nor was he, meanwhile, without other resources. He went to Vauxhall Gardens, a "most enchanting spot" in those days, with glorious gravelled walks, shrubberies, illuminated alcoves, and everywhere such myriads of variegated lamps, that the lord of Strawberry Hill was wont to protest he should never again care a button for trees that had n't red or green lamps to light themselves up with. He took boat at Temple Stairs and went to

Ranelagh, where he found infinite numbers of well-dressed people, and rubbed up against the Duke of Gloucester and the French Ambassador. At an exhibition, silly enough in itself, called *Les Ombres Chinoises*, a badly arranged puppet-show, he saw, among several well-dressed people of fashion, an elderly gentleman with a star on his coat, who was pointed out to him as Lord Temple and "supposed author of *Junius*," a notion which seems strangely to have slept from that hour till an examination of the Stowe papers reawakened it not many months ago. He went to the Royal Academy Exhibition in Pall Mall (it was its last year there), and was yet more struck by it in the year next following — its first in Somerset House. In a very full house at the Haymarket, he heard the humorous George Alexander Stevens' Lecture on Heads; and saw subsequently (of course) an imitation and attempted improvement of the same, where the heads shone forth in transparency, Captain Cooke's calling forth elaborate eulogium, and Lawrence Sterne's the accompaniment of a pathetic apostrophe; — the exhibitor passing afterwards to very surprising tricks with cards, and winding up the whole with marvellous imitations of the thrush, blackbird, skylark, nightingale, woodlark, and quail. But songs more wondrous than these, the good New Englander heard on another occasion at Covent Garden Theatre, where, in honor of Handel (the musical saint of England, he exclaims, whose performances are as much read and studied as Romish manuals of devotion by their admirers), a performance of the oratorio of Messiah was given, with an effect he can only describe by heaping epithet on epithet, as noble, grand, full, sonorous, awfully majestic. "The whole assembly as one, rising," continues the earnest old man, "added a solemnity which swelled and filled my soul with an — I know not what, that exalted it beyond itself, bringing to my raised imagination a full view of that sacred assembly of blessed spirits which surround the throne of God."

Such was the character of the amusements that our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers patronized, and incident to which, not seldom, other sights more grave were intruded. Thus, when our American holiday maker was crossing Clerkenwell Green one day, in the hope of passing a pleasant evening in company with a fellow-refugee from New England, "Mr. Copley, the limner," and his family (among whom played a sprightly child of two years old, who was destined to become Lord High Chancellor of England), he was startled by the sight of five couple of boys chained together, going under care of tipstaves to Bridewell — an exhibition, we grieve to say, which remained common and familiar in the same quarter for more than half a century



afterwards. On another occasion, in that same neighborhood, he was led, by an awful curiosity, having heard that it was "notorious for its constant supply of Tyburn," into a court called Blueberry Alley, which he found to be precisely what to our disgrace such courts remain at the present hour, "filled with small, huttish kind of houses, the habitations of filth and vice." Having occasion to cross Hounslow Heath, his attention is arrested by "three monuments of human folly and divine justice" — as many gibbets with the remains of so many wretches hanging in chains. At Tyburn itself, he sees thirteen executed in one day; in connection with which he has to note the melancholy consideration that robberies are nevertheless greatly increasing, as indeed is thieving of all kinds in the metropolis. Not long after, he beheld a similar exhibition of ten suffering in one day on the same scaffold. Quietly walking up Holborn on another day, shortly after having seen two pickpockets publicly whipped at the Old Bailey (when the assembled mob expressed much dissatisfaction with the very moderate lashing inflicted on the oldest offender, and loudly swore "he had bought off Jack Ketch"), he found a throng of ordinary people crowding round a chaise filled with young children of about seven years of age, and, inquiring what it meant, learnt to his horror that so many infants, "capable of being trained to useful employments, and becoming blessings to society," were already known for hardened young sinners, and at that instant were on their way to Newgate. What was his amazement, too, to find a clergyman of the church of Eng<sup>land</sup> suddenly carried off to Poultry Compter on a charge of forgery — his real name Dodd, but better known by the name of the Macaroni Doctor; and to remember that this was the same reverend divine whom, not many months before, he had heard at the Magdalen preaching, from the text, *These things I command you, that ye love one another*, "a most elegant, sensible, serious, and pathetic discourse, enough to have warmed a heart not callous to the impressions of pity," and which did indeed warm his, until his eyes "flowed with tears of compassion."

The tears of compassion due to Doctor Dodd in the pulpit, however, were certainly not due to him in his more proper place, the prison; and Mr. Curwen's feeling, when he heard what his previous career had been, took the very different and more natural direction of surprise that such a man should have been permitted to mount the pulpit at all. But without dwelling upon this, or seeking to account for the indifference which at that time had crept into the church, and which the vigorous preachings of Wesley and Whitfield were rapidly driving out of it, let us

accompany our New England visitor to one of those fashionable Sunday promenades, at which it was then no unusual or indecorous thing to find yourself, in the evening, crowding and pushing past the parson under whose pulpit, in the morning, you had been sitting with reverent attention — and of which the doctor of divinity so unexpectedly committed to the Poultry was a noted and constant visitor.

The Sunday evening promenade, says Mr. Curwen (and the remark may be not unworthy of attention with such a question as the Sunday admission to the Sydenham Palace still undetermined), had been invented because less objectionable places of amusement were closed by enactment. In lieu of such, the promenade had been instituted "to compensate for twelve tedious hours' interval laid under an interdict by the laws of the country, as yet unrepealed formally by the legislature, though effectually so in the houses of the great and wealthy, from whence religion and charity are but too generally banished." It was held at the house (now D'Almaine's) in Soho Square, which the Lords Carlisle occupied to within twenty years of this date, which Mrs. Cornelys had afterwards hired for her celebrated balls and masquerades, and which — on that ingenious but unsuccessful lady's retreat from it, to vend asses' milk at Knightsbridge — was fitted up with rooms *à la Chinois*, with variegated, lamp-lit galleries, with grottoes of natural evergreens, with wildernesses of flowering moss and grass, with dimly-lighted caves of spar and stalactite, with Egyptian recesses mysterious in hieroglyphic panellings, and with tea-rooms and tea-tables for accommodation of a thousand promenaders. The employment of the company was simply walking through the rooms, and drinking (when they could get it) tea, or coffee, or chocolate, or negus, or lemonade; for which privilege tickets were purchased at the doors, costing three shillings each. What such a place would degenerate into, the reader can easily imagine. "Though it is also resorted to by persons of irreproachable character," says our grave and elderly friend, "among the wheat will be tares; the ladies were rigged out in gaudy attire, and attended by bucks, bloods, and macaronies." Full dress he found not requisite; but respectable habiliments absolutely so; and on the night he attended, the spurs of one promenader caught carelessly in a lady's flounce, whereupon the booted individual was obliged to apologize, and take them off. Yet very difficult it must have been for anybody, spurred or not, to keep clear of the flounces, seeing that the ladies appear to have come uniformly in two divisions, of which the first swept their track by long trails, and the other by enormous hoops and petticoats. A good thousand



thronged the rooms on the night when Mr. Curwen was there; and such was the jostling, interfering, and elbowing, that, for his own part, he tells us, being old and small, he received more than a score of full butt encounters with dames in full sweep, and had to admire the greater experience with which the yet more ancient Duke of Queensberry piloted his perilous way. Of the accommodation in other respects, he also enables us to judge. He made fifteen vain attempts to get a dish of tea; and when served at last, it was in a slovenly manner, on a dirty tea-stand. Of all the commoner tea resorts he had already had experience; — he knew Bagnigge Wells, White Conduit House was not strange to him, nor was he unfamiliar with the Dog and Duck; — but never, in the humblest of such places of public resort, had he seen the company treated with so little respect by servants, as here. With Ranelagh, whose vacation it pretended to supply, it was not in that respect comparable; Vauxhall was a thousand times more agreeable; and taking himself off at the early hour of twelve, it was with no small content Mr. Curwen found himself once more safe in his own lodgings.

And now, week had crept on after week, month after month, and he was in the second year of his exile. The war that had driven him here was raging more furiously than ever; his wife, Abigail, who had refused to accompany him on his flight, had been obliged to pay ten pounds in Salem to find a man for the American army in his stead; George Washington was proclaimed Lord Protector of the thirteen independent states; the hope, which even Jefferson once entertained, that England and her colonies might have been a free and a great people together, was forever

gone; and nothing remained for such as held the ex-judge's moderate opinions, but to prepare for a lengthened exile. Exactly twelve months were passed since he landed at Dover, and here was a letter just come from a friend at Salem — "filled with American fancies," Heaven help them! Nothing was dwelt upon in it but their power, strength, grandeur, and prowess by land and sea; their policy, patriotism, industry; their progress in the useful arts, and their fixed determination to withstand the attacks of tyranny — "et cetera, et cetera, et cetera," adds Mr. Curwen, impatient of his correspondent's extravagance. For he feels, alas! that too soon, to their sorrow, these fanciful notions, like Ephraim's goodness, will "vanish as the morning cloud and early dew" into the land whither all such fatal delusions sooner or later pass. But, meanwhile, he may not shrink from the conclusion such letters put before him. He must no longer hope to measure his residence in England by the probabilities of weeks or months, but by the sad certainty of years.

London, then, can be no place for his continued abode. It is too expensive for the narrow means to which the necessities attendant on his flight restrict him. He must visit some of the leading country towns to ascertain whether without the cost of London, yet not wholly apart from the cultivated society to which he has been accustomed, his mode of life may be able to adapt itself to his altered circumstances. And perhaps, at some early day, the reader will not object to accompany him on this proposed ramble through the leading towns of Old England, and mark how little or how much they may still retain of what their visitor from New England observed in them Seventy-Eight Years Ago.

#### SPARE MY HEART FROM GROWING OLD.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

Old Time, I ask a boon of thee —

Thou 'st stripped my hearth of many a friend,

Ta'en half my joys and all my glee —

Be just for once, to make amend;

And, since thy hand must leave its trace,

Turn locks to gray, turn blood to cold —

Do what thou wilt with form and face,

But spare my heart from growing old.

I know thou 'st ta'en from many a mind

Its dearest wealth, its choicest store,

And only lingering left behind

O'er-wise Experience' bitter lore.

'T is sad to mark the mind's decay,

Feel wit grow dim and memory cold —

Take these, old Time, take all away,

But spare my heart from growing old.

Give me to live with Friendship still,

And Hope and Love till life be o'er —

Let be the first the final chill

That bids the bosom bound no more;

That so, when I am passed away,

And in my grave lie slumbering cold,

With fond remembrance friends may say,

"His heart, his heart grew never old."

#### DEATH.

METHOUGHT a change came o'er me, strange yet sweet,

As if unmanacled a captive sprung;

Lightness for dull incumbrance, wings for feet,

The heavy and the weak asunder flung;

To sink, to sail, to fly were all the same;

No weight, no weariness; unfleshed and free;

Pure and aspiring as the ethereal flame,

With the full strength of immortality;

Reason clear, passionless, serene, and bright,

Without a prejudice, without a stain,

Unmingled and immaculate delight,

Without the shadow of a fear or pain —

A whisper gentle as a zephyr's breath

Spake in mine ear, "THIS LIBERTY IS DEATH."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE WELL IN THE WILDERNESS.

A TALE OF THE PRAIRIE. FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

AUTHOR OF "ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH."

In vain you urge me to forget  
That fearful night — it haunts me yet;  
And stamp'd into my heart and brain,  
The awful memory will remain;  
Yea, e'en in sleep that ghostly sight  
Returns to shake my soul each night. — S. M.

RICHARD STEEL was the son of one of those small landholders who are fast disappearing from Merry Old England. His father left him the sole possessor of twenty-five acres of arable land, and a snug little cottage, which had descended from father to son, through many generations.

The ground-plot, which had been sufficient to maintain his honest progenitors for several ages, in the palmy days of Britain's glory and independence, ere her vast resources passed into the hands of the few, and left the many to starve, was not enough to provide for the wants of our stout yeoman and his family; which consisted at that period of three sons and one daughter, a lovely, blooming girl of ten years, or thereabouts. Richard and his boys toiled with unceasing diligence; the wife was up late and early, and not one moment was left unemployed; and yet they made no headway, but every succeeding year found them in arrears.

"Jane," said the yeoman one evening, thoughtfully, to his wife, after having blessed his homely meal of skimmed milk and brown bread, "couldst thee not have given us a little treat to-night? Hast thee forgotten that it is our Annie's birthday?"

"No, Richard, I have not forgotten: how could I forget the anniversary of the day that made us all so happy? But times are bad; I could not spare the money to buy sugar and plums for the cake; and I wanted to sell all the butter, in order to scrape together enough to pay the shoemaker for making our darling's shoes. Annie knows that she is infinitely dear to us all, though we cannot give her luxuries to prove it."

"It wants no proof, dear mother," said the young girl, flinging her round, but sunburnt arms about her worthy parent's neck.

"Your precious love is worth the wealth of the whole world to me. I know how fond you and dear father are of me, and I am more than satisfied."

"Annie is right," said Steel, dropping his knife and holding out his arms for a caress. "The world could not purchase such love as we feel for her; and let us bless God that, poor though we be, we are all here to-night, well and strong, ay, and rich, in spite of our homely fare, in each other's affections. What say you, my boys?" And he glanced with pa-

rental pride on the three fine lads, whose healthy and honest countenances might well be contemplated with pleasure, and afford subjects for hopeful anticipations for the future.

"We are happy, father," said the eldest, cheerfully.

"The cakes and spiced ale would have made us happier," said the second. "Mother makes such nice cakes!"

"So she does," cried the third. "It seems so dull to have nothing nice on Annie's birthday. I should not care a fig if it were Dick's birthday, or Owen's, or mine; but not to drink Annie's health seems unlucky."

"You shall drink it yet," said Annie, laughing.

"In what?" asked both the boys in a breath.

"In fine spring water!" And she filled their mugs.

"Better God never gave to his creatures. How bright it is! How it sparkles! I will never from this day ask a finer drink. Here is health to you, my brothers, and may we never know what it is to lack a draught of pure water!"

Annie nodded to her brothers, and drank off her mug of water; and the good-natured fellows, who dearly loved her, followed her example.

Oh, little did the gay-hearted girl think, in that moment of playful glee, of the price she was one day destined to pay for a drink of water!

The crops that year were a failure, and the heart of the strong man began to droop. He felt that labor in his native land would no longer give his children bread, and, unwilling to sink into the lowest class, he wisely resolved, while he retained the means of doing so, to emigrate to America. His wife made no opposition to his wishes; his sons were delighted with the prospect of any change for the better, and if Annie felt a passing pang at leaving the daisied fields, and her pretty playmates, the lambs, she hid it from her parents. The dear homestead, with its quiet rural orchard, and trim hedgerows, fell to the hammer; nor was the sunburnt cheek of the honest yeoman unmoistened with a tear, when he saw it added to the enormous possessions of the lord of the manor.

After the sale was completed, and the money it brought duly paid, Steel lost no time in preparing for his emigration. In less than a fortnight he had secured their passage to New York, and they were already on their voyage across the Atlantic. Favored by wind and weather, after the first effects of the sea had worn off, they were comfortable enough. The steerage passengers were poor, but respectable English emigrants, and they made several pleasant acquaintances among them. One family especially attracted their attention,

and so far engaged their affections during the tedious voyage, that they entered into an agreement to settle in the same neighborhood. Mr. Atkins was a widower, with two sons, the ages of Richard and Owen, and an elder sister, a primitive, gentle old woman, who had been once both wife and mother, but had outlived all her family. Abigail Winchester (for so she was called) took an especial fancy to our Annie, in whom she fancied that she recognized a strong resemblance to a daughter whom she had lost. Her affection was warmly returned by the kind girl, who, by a thousand little attentions, strove to evince her gratitude to Abigail for her good opinion.

They had not completed half their voyage before the scarlet fever broke out among the passengers, and made dreadful havoc among the younger portion. Steel's whole family were down with it at the same time, and, in spite of the constant nursing of himself and his devoted partner, and the unremitting attentions of Abigail Winchester, who never left the sick ward for many nights and days, the two youngest boys died, and were committed to the waters of the great deep before Annie and Richard recovered to a consciousness of their dreadful loss. This threw a sad gloom over the whole party. Steel said nothing, but he often retired to some corner of the ship to bewail his loss in secret. His wife was wasted and worn to a shadow, and poor Annie looked the ghost of her former self.

"Had we never left England," she thought, "my brothers had not died." But she was wrong; God, who watches with parental love over all his creatures, knows the best season in which to reclaim His own; but human love in its vain yearnings is slow in receiving this great truth. It lives in the present, lingers over the past, and cannot bear to give up that which now is for the promise of that which shall be. The future separated from the things of time has always an awful aspect. A perfect and childlike reliance upon God can alone divest it of those thrilling doubts and fears which at times shake the firmest mind, and urge the proud, unyielding spirit of man to cleave so strongly to kindred dust.

The sight of the American shores, that the poor lads had desired so eagerly to see, seemed to renew their grief, and a sadder party never set foot upon a foreign strand than our emigrant and his family.

Steel had brought letters of introduction to a respectable merchant in the city; who advised him to purchase a tract of land in the then new State of Illinois. The beauty of the country, the fine climate, and fruitful soil, were urged upon him in the strongest manner. The merchant had scrip to dispose of in that remote settlement, and, as is usual in

such cases, he consulted his own interest in the matter.

Steel thought that the merchant, who was a native of the country, must know best what would suit him; and he not only became a purchaser of land in Illinois, but induced his new friends to follow his example.

We will pass over their journey to the Far West. The novelty of the scenes through which they passed contributed not a little to raise their drooping spirits. Richard had recovered his health, and amused the party not a little by his lively anticipations of the future. They were to have the most comfortable log-house, and the neatest farm in the district. He would raise the finest cattle the largest crops, and the best garden stuff in the neighborhood. Frugal and industrious habits would soon render them wealthy and independent.

His mother listened to these sallies with a delighted smile; and even the grave yeoman's brow relaxed from its habitual frown. Annie entered warmly into all her brother's plans; and if he laid the foundation of his fine castle in the air, she certainly provided the cement and all the lighter materials.

As their long route led them further from the habitations of men, and deeper and deeper into the wilderness, the stern realities of their solitary locality became hourly more apparent to the poor emigrants. They began to think that they had acted too precipitately in going so far back into the woods, unacquainted as they were with the usages of the country. But repentance came too late; and, when at length they reached their destination, they found themselves upon the edge of a vast forest, with a noble open prairie stretching away as far as the eye could reach in front of them, and no human habitation in sight, or indeed existing for miles around them.

In a moment the yeoman comprehended all the difficulties and dangers of his situation; but his was a stout heart, not easily daunted by circumstances. He possessed a vigorous constitution and a strong arm; and he was not alone. Richard was an active, energetic lad, and his friend Atkins, and his two sons, were a host in themselves. Having settled with his guides, and ascertained by the maps, that he had received at Mr. —'s office, the extent and situation of his new estate, he set about unyoking the cattle which he had purchased, and securing them, while Atkins and his sons pitched a tent for the night, and collected wood for their fire. The young people were in raptures with the ocean of verdure, redolent with blossoms, that lay smiling in the last rays of the sun before them; never did garden appear to them so lovely, as that vast wilderness of sweets, planted by the munificent hand of Nature with such profuse magnificence. Annie could

scarcely tear herself away from the enchanting scene, to assist her mother in preparing their evening meal.

"Mother, where shall we get water?" asked Annie, glancing wistfully toward their empty cask; "I have seen no indications of water for the last three miles."

"Annie has raised a startling doubt," said Steel; "I can perceive no appearance of stream or creek in any direction."

"Hist! father, do you hear that?" cried Richard. "The croaking of those frogs is music to me just now, for I am dying with thirst;" and, seizing the can, he ran off in the direction of the discordant sounds.

It was near dark when he returned with his pailful of clear cold water; with which the whole of the party slaked their thirst, before asking any questions.

"What delicious water—as clear as crystal—as cold as ice! How fortunate to obtain it so near at hand!" exclaimed several in a breath.

"Ay, but it is an ugly place," said Richard thoughtfully. "I should not like to go to that well at early day, or after night-fall."

"Why not, my boy?"

"It is in the heart of a dark swamp, just about a hundred yards within the forest; and the water trickles from beneath the roots of an old tree into a natural stone tank; but all around is involved in frightful gloom; I fancied I heard a low growl as I stooped to fill my pail, while a horrid speckled snake glided from between my feet, and darted hissing and rattling its tail into the brake. Father, you must never let any of the people go alone to that well."

The yeoman laughed at his son's fears, and shortly after the party retired into the tent, and, overcome with fatigue, were soon asleep.

The first thing that engaged the attention of our emigrants was the erection of a log shanty for the reception of their respective families. This important task was soon accomplished. Atkins preferred the open prairie for the site of his; but Steel, for the nearer proximity of wood and water, chose the edge of the forest, but the habitations of the pioneers were so near that they were within call of each other.

To fence in a piece of land for their cattle, and prepare a plot for wheat and corn for the ensuing year, was the next thing to be accomplished; and by the time these preparations were completed the long bright summer had passed away, and the fall was at hand. Up to this period both families had enjoyed excellent health, but in the month of September, Annie, and then Richard, fell sick with intermittent fever, and old Abigail kindly came across to help Mrs. Steel to nurse her suffering children. Medical aid was not to be had in that remote place, and

beyond simple remedies, which were perfectly inefficacious in their situation, the poor children's only chance for life was their youth, a good sound constitution, and the merciful interposition of a benevolent and overruling Providence.

It was towards the close of a sultry day that Annie, burning with fever, implored the faithful Abigail to give her a drink of cold water. Hastening to the water-cask, the old woman was disappointed by finding it exhausted, Richard having drunk the last drop, who was still raving in the delirium of fever for more drink.

"My dear child, there is no water."

"Oh! I am burning—dying with thirst! Give me but one drop, dear Abigail—one drop of cold water!"

Just then Mrs. Steel returned from milking the cows, and Abigail proffered to the lips of the child a bowl of new milk, but she shrunk from it with disgust, and, sinking back on her pillow, murmured, "Water! water! for the love of God! give me a drink of water!"

"Where is the pail?" said Mrs. Steel. "I don't much like going alone to that well; but it is still broad day, and I know that in reality there is nothing to fear; I cannot bear to hear the child moan for drink in that terrible way."

"Dear mother," said Richard, faintly, "don't go; father will be in soon; we can wait till then."

"Oh! the poor dear child is burning!" cried Abigail; "she cannot wait till then; do, neighbor, go for the water; I will stay with the children, and put out the milk while you are away."

Mrs. Steel left the shanty, and a few minutes after, the patients, exhausted by suffering, fell into a profound sleep. Abigail busied herself scalding the milk-pans, and, in her joy at the young people's cessation from pain, forgot the mother altogether. About half an hour had elapsed, and the mellow light of evening had faded into night, when Steel returned with his oxen from the field.

The moment he entered the shanty he went up to the bed which contained his sick children, and, satisfied that the fever was abating, he looked round for his supper, surprised that it was not, as usual, ready for him upon the table.

"No water!" he cried, "in the cask, and supper not ready. After working all day in the burning sun, a man wants to have things made comfortable for him at night. Mrs. Winchester, are you here? Where is my wife?"

"Merciful goodness!" exclaimed the old woman, turning as pale as death, "is she not back from the well?"

"The well!" cried Steel, grasping her arm; "how long has she been gone?"

"This half hour, or more."

Steel made no answer — his cheek was as pale as her own; and, taking his gun from the beam to which it was slung, he carefully loaded it with ball; and, without uttering a word, left the house.

Day still lingered upon the open prairie, but the moment he entered the bush it was deep night. He had crossed the plain with rapid strides, but as he approached the swamp, his step became slow and cautious. The well was in the centre of a jungle, from the front of which Richard had cleared away the brush to facilitate their access to the water; as he drew near the spot, his ears were chilled by a low deep growling, and the crunching of teeth, as if some wild animal was devouring the bones of its prey. The dreadful truth, with all its shocking, heart-revolting reality, flashed upon the mind of the yeoman, and for a moment paralyzed him. The precincts of the well were within range of his rifle, and dropping down upon his hands and knees, and nerving his arm for a clear aim, he directed his gaze to the spot from whence the fatal sounds proceeded. A little on one side of the well, a pair of luminous eyes glared like green lamps at the edge of the dark wood; and the horrid sounds which curdled the blood of the yeoman became more distinctly audible.

Slowly Steel raised the rifle to his shoulder, and setting his teeth, and holding his breath, he steadily aimed at a space between those glowing balls of fire. The sharp report of the rifle awoke the far echoes of the forest. The deer leaped up from his lair, the wolf howled and fled into the depths of the wood, and the panther, for such it was, uttering a hoarse growl, sprang several feet into the air, then fell across the mangled remains of his victim.

Richard Steel rose from the ground; the perspiration was streaming from his brow; his limbs trembled and shook, his lips moved convulsively, and he pressed his hands upon his heaving breast to keep down the violent throbbings of his agitated heart. It was not fear that chained him to the spot, and hindered him from approaching his dead enemy. It was horror. He dared not look upon the mangled remains of his wife — the dear partner of his joys and sorrows — the com-

panion of his boyhood — the love of his youth — the friend and counsellor of his middle age — the beloved mother of his children. How could he recognize in that crushed and defiled heap his poor Jane? The pang was too great for his agonized mind to bear. Sense and sight alike forsook him, and, staggering a few paces forward, he fell insensible across the path.

Alarmed by the report of the rifle, Atkins and his sons proceeded with torches to the spot, followed by Abigail, who, unconscious of the extent of the calamity, was yet sufficiently convinced that something dreadful had occurred. When the full horrors of the scene were presented to the sight of the terror-stricken group, their grief burst forth in tears and lamentations. Atkins alone retained his presence of mind. Dragging the panther from the remains of the unfortunate Mrs. Steel, he beckoned to one of his sons, and suggested to him the propriety of instantly burying the disfigured and mutilated body before the feelings of her husband and children were agonized by the sight.

First removing the insensible husband to his own dwelling, Atkins and his sons returned to the fatal spot, and conveying the body to the edge of the prairie, they selected a quiet, lovely spot beneath the wide-spreading boughs of a magnificent chestnut-tree, and wrapping all that remained of the wife of Richard Steel in a sheet, they committed it to the earth in solemn silence; nor were prayers or tears wanting in that lonely hour to consecrate the nameless grave where the English mother slept.

Annie and Richard recovered to mourn their irreparable loss — to feel that their mother's life had been sacrificed to her maternal love. Time, as it ever does, softened the deep anguish of the bereaved husband. During the ensuing summer, their little colony was joined by a hardy band of British and American pioneers. The little settlement grew into a prosperous village, and Richard Steel died a wealthy man, and was buried by the side of his wife, in the centre of the village churchyard, that spot having been chosen for the first temple in which the emigrants met to worship in his own house the God of their fathers.

#### DAWN.

Dawn cometh; and the weary stars wax pale  
With watching through the lonely hours of  
Night,  
And o'er the fathomless, deep, azure veil  
A sweet, uncertain smile of infant light  
Spreads softly, rippling up the starry height;  
Chasing the mists that like dark spirits flee  
Before the breath of Morn; and now more  
bright  
It mantles o'er the unrepining sea,

As when on sorrowing brows first gleams the  
birth  
Of joy for years estranged; then as a child,  
That, through the solemn woods at eve be-  
guiled,  
Steals with light foot-fall, 'mid the leaves  
scarce heard,  
Upon a bough where rests some slumbering  
bird —  
So steals the silent Dawn upon the sleeping  
Earth!



From Household Words.

### A WALK THROUGH A MOUNTAIN.

I took a walk last year through the substance of a mountain, entering at the top, and coming out at the bottom, after a two or three mile journey underground. Perhaps the story of this trip is worth narrating. The mountain was part of an extensive property belonging to the Emperor of Austria, in his character of salt merchant, and contained the famous salt mine of Hallein.

The whole salt district of Upper Austria, called the Salzkammergut, forms part of a range of rocks that extends from Halle in the Tyrol, passes through Reichenthal in Bavaria, and continues by way of Hallein in Salzburg, to end at Ausse in Styria. The Austrian part of the range is now included in what is called the district of Salzburg, and that district abounds, as might be expected, in salt springs, hot and cold, which form in fact the baths of Gastein, Ischl, and some other places. The names of Salzburg (Saltborough), the capital, and of the Salzaek (Saltbrook), on the left bank of which that pleasant city stands, indicate clearly enough the character of the surrounding country. Hallein is a small town eight miles to the south-east of Salzburg, and it was to the mine of Hallein, as before said, that I paid my visit.

On the way thither I passed through much delightful rock and water scenery. From Linz, the capital of Upper Austria, I got through Wells and Laimbach to the river Traun, and trudged afoot beside its winding waters till I reached the point of its junction with the Traunsee, or Lake of Traun. From the village on the opposite shore, I followed the same stream again upon its wanderings by mountain steep, and wooded bank, along the valley called after the river's name, until I came to Gmunden, where the Traun flows through another lake. At Gmunden I stopped to look over the Imperial Salt Warehouses. The Emperor of Austria, as most people know, is the only dealer in salt and tobacco with whom his subjects are allowed to trade. His salt warehouses, therefore, must needs be extensive. They are situated at Gmunden to the left of the landing-place, from which a little steamer plies across the lake; and they are so built as to afford every facility for the unloading of boats that bring salt barrels from the mine by the highway of the Traun. The warehouses consisted simply of a large number of sheds piled with the salt in barrels, a few offices, and a low but spacious hall, filled, in a confused way, with dusty models. There were models of river-boats and salt moulds, mining tools, and tram-ways, hydraulic models of all kinds, miniature furnaces, wooden troughs, and seething pans. I looked

through these until the bell from the adjacent pier warned me, at five o'clock in the evening, to go on board the steamer that was quite ready to puff and splash its way across the beautiful green lake. We went under the shadow of the black and lofty Traunstein, and among pine-covered rocks, of which the reflections were mingled in the water with a ruddy glow, that streamed across a low shore from some fires towards which we were steering.

The glow proceeded from the fires of the Imperial Saltern, erected at Ebensee. I paid a short visit to the works, which have been erected at great cost; and display all the most recent improvements in the art of getting the best marketable salt from saline water. I found that the water, heavily impregnated, is conducted from the distant mines by wooden troughs into the drying-pan. The pan is a large shallow vessel of metal, supported by small piles of brick, and a low brick wall about three feet high, extending round two thirds of its circumference, and leaving one third, as the mouth of the furnace, open to the air. Among the brick columns, and within the wall, the fire flashed and curled under the seething pan. Ascending next into the house over the great pan, and looking down upon the surface and its contents through sliding doors upon the floor, I saw the white salt crusting like a coat of snow over the boiling water, and being raked as it is formed by workmen stationed at each of the trap-doors in the floor above me. As the water evaporated, the salt was stirred and turned from rake to rake; and, finally, when quite dry, raked into the neighborhood of a long-handled spade, with which one workman was shovelling among the dried salt, and filling a long row of wooden moulds, placed ready to his hand. These moulds are sugar-loaf shaped, and perforated at the bottom like a sugar mould, in order that any remaining moisture may drain out of them. The moulds will be placed finally in a heated room before the salt will be considered dry enough for storage as a manufactured article.

The brine that pours with an equable flow into the seething-pan at Ebensee, is brought by wooden troughs from the salt mine at Hallein, a distance of thirty miles in a direct line. It comes by way of mountains and along a portion of the valley of the Traun, through which I continued my journey the same evening from Ebensee, until the darkness compelled me to rest for the night at a small inn on a hill side. The next day I went through Ischl and Wolfgang, and spent three hours of afternoon in climbing up the Scharfberg, which is more than a thousand feet higher than Snowdon, to see the sunset and the sunrise. There was sleeping accommodation on the top: so there is on the top of Snowdon.

On the Scharfberg I had a hay-litter in a wooden shed and ate goat's cheese and bread and butter. I saw no sunset or sunrise, but had a night of wind and rain, and came down in the morning through white mist within a rugged gully ploughed up by the rain, to get a wholesome breakfast at St. Gilgen on the lake. More I need not say about the journey than that, on the fifth day after leaving Ebensee, having rested a little in the very beautiful city of Salzburg, I marched into the town of Hallein, at the foot of the Dürrenberg, the famous salt mountain, called Tumul by old chroniclers, and known for a salt mountain seven hundred and thirty years ago.

After a night's rest in the town, I was astir by five o'clock in the morning, and went forward on my visit to the mines. In the case of the Dürrenberg salt mine, as I have already said, the miner enters at the top and comes out at the bottom. My first business, therefore, was to walk up the mountain, the approach to which is by a long slope of about four English miles.

I met few miners by the way, and noticed in them few peculiarities of manners or costume. The national dress about these regions is a sort of cross between the Swiss Alpine costume and a common peasant dress of the lowlands. I saw indications of the sugar-loafed hat; jackets were worn almost by all, with knee-breeches and colored leggings. The clothing was always neat and sound, and the clothed bodies looked reasonably healthy, except that they had all remarkably pale faces. The miners did not seem bodily to suffer from their occupation.

As I approached the summit of the Dürrenberg, the dry, brownish limestone showed its bare front to the morning sun. I entered the offices, partly contained in the rock, and applied for admission into the dominion of the gnomes. My arrival was quite in the nick of time, for I had not to be kept waiting, as I happened to complete the party of twelve, without which the two guides do not start. It was a Tower of London business; and, as at the Tower, the demand upon our purses was not very heavy. One gulden-schein—about tenpence—is the regulated fee. Our full titles having been duly put down in the register, each of us was furnished with a miner's costume, and, so habited, off we set.

We started from a point that is called the Obersteinberghauptstollen; our guides only having candles, one in advance, the other in the rear.

We were sensible of a pleasant coldness in the air when we had gone a little way into the sloping tunnel. The tunnel was lofty, wide, and dry. Having walked downwards on a gentle decline for a distance of nearly three thousand feet through the half gloom

and among the echoes, we arrived at the mouth of the first shaft, named Freudenberg. The method of descent is called the "Rolle." It is both simple and efficacious. Down the steep slope of the shaft, and at an angle, in this case, of forty-one and a half degrees, run two smooth railways parallel with each other, and each of about the thickness of a scaffold pole; they are twelve inches apart, and run together down the shaft like two sides of a thick ladder without the intervening rounds. Following the directions and example of the foremost guide, we sat astride one behind the other on this wooden tramway, and slid very comfortably to the bottom, regulating our speed with our hands. The shaft itself was only of the width necessary to allow room for our passage. In this way we descended to the next chamber in the mountain, at a depth of a hundred and forty feet (perpendicular) from the top of the long slide.

We then stood in a low-roofed chamber, small enough to be lighted throughout by the dusky glare of our two candles. The walls and roof sparkled with brown and purple colors, showing the unworked stratum of rock-salt. We stood then at the head of the Untersteinberghauptstollen, and after a glance back at the narrow slit in the solid limestone through which we had just descended, we pursued our way along a narrow gallery of irregular level for a further distance of six hundred and sixty feet. A second shaft there opened us a passage into the deeper regions of the mine. With a boyish pleasure we all seated ourselves again upon a "Rolle"—this time upon the Johann-Jacob-berg-rolle, which is laid at an angle of forty-five and a half degrees—and away we slipped to the next level, which is at the perpendicular depth of another couple of hundred feet.

We alighted in another chamber, where our candles made the same half gloom, with their ruddy glare into the darkness, where there was the same sombre glittering upon the walls and ceiling. We pursued our track along a devious cutting, haunted by confused and giant shadows, suddenly passing black cavernous sideways that startled us as we came upon them, and I began to expect mummies, for I thought myself for one minute within an old Egyptian catacomb. After traversing a further distance of two thousand seven hundred feet we halted at the top of the third slide, the Königs-rolle. That shot us fifty-four feet deeper into the heart of the mountain. We had become quite expert at our exercise, and had left off considering, amid all these descents and traverses, what might be our real position in the bowels of the earth. Perhaps we might get down to Aladdin's garden and find trees loaded with emerald and ruby fruits. It was quite possible, for there

was something very cabalistic, very strong of enchantment, in the word Konhauserkehrschachtricht, the name given to the portion of the mine which we were then descending. Konhauser-return-shaft is, I think, however, about the meaning of that compound word.

So far I had felt nothing like real cold, although I had been promised a wintry atmosphere. Possibly with a miner's dress over my ordinary clothing, and with plenty of exercise, there was enough to counteract the effects of the chill air. But our eyes began to ache at the uncertain light, and we all straggled irregularly along the smooth cut shaft level for another sixty feet, and so reached the Konhauser-rolle, the fourth slide we had encountered in our progress.

That cheered us up a little, as it shot us down another one hundred and eight feet perpendicular depth to the Soolerzeugungswerk-Konhauser — surely a place nearer than ever to the magic regions of Abracadabra. If not Aladdin's garden, something wonderful ought surely by this time to have been reached. I was alive to any sight or sound, and was excited by the earnest whispering of my fellow-adventurers, and the careful directions as to our progress given by the guides and light-bearers.

With eager rapidity we flitted among the black shadows of the cavern, till we reached a winding flight of giant steps. We mounted them with desperate excitement, and at the summit halted, for we felt that there was space before our faces, and had been told that those stairs led to a mid-mountain lake, nine hundred and sixty feet below the mountain's top; two hundred and forty feet above its base. Presently, through the darkness, we perceived at an apparently interminable distance a few dots of light, that shed no lustre, and could help us in no way to pierce the pitchy gloom of the great cavern. The lights were not interminably distant, for they were upon the other shore, and this gnome lake is but a mere drop of water in the mountain mass, its length being three hundred and thirty, and its breadth one hundred and sixty feet.

Our guides lighted more candles, and we began to see their rays reflected from the water; we could hear too the dull splashing of the boat, which we could not see, as old Charon slowly ferried to our shore. More lights were used; they flashed and flickered from the opposite ferry station, and we began to have an indistinct sense of a spangled dome, and of an undulating surface of thick, black water, through which the coming boat loomed darkly. More candles were lighted on both sides of the Konhauser lake, a very Styx, defying all the illuminating force of candles, dead and dark in its dim cave, even the limits

of which all our lights did not serve to define. The boat reached the place for embarkation, and we, wandering ghosts, half walked and were half carried into its broad clumsy hulk, and took each his allotted seat in ghostly silence. There was something really terrible in it all; in the slow funereal pace at which we floated across the subterranean lake; in the dead quiet among us, only interrupted by the slow plunge of the oar into the sickly waters. In spite of all the lights that had been kindled we were still in a thick vapor of darkness, and could form but a dreamy notion of the beauty and the grandeur of the crystal dome within which we men from the upper earth were hidden from our fellows. The lights were flared aloft as we crept sluggishly across the lake, and now and then were flashed back from a hanging stalactite, but that was all. The misty darkness about us brought to the fancy at the same time fearful images, and none of us were sorry when we reached the other shore in safety. There a rich glow of light awaited us, and there we were told a famous tale about the last archducal visit to these salt mines, when some thousands of lighted tapers glittered and flashed about him, and exhibited the vaulted roof and spangled lake in all their beauty. As we were not archdukes, we had our Hades lighted only by a pound of short sixteens.

We left the lake behind us, and then, traversing a further distance of seventy feet along the Wehrschachtricht, arrived at the mouth of the Konhauser Stiege. Another rapid descent of forty-five feet at an angle of fifty degrees, and we then reached Rupert-schachtricht, a long cavern of the extent of five hundred and sixty feet, through which we toiled with a growing sense of weariness. We had now come to the top of the last and longest "slide" in the whole Dürrenberg. It is called the Wolfdietrichderg-rolle, and is four hundred and sixty-eight feet long, carrying us two hundred and forty feet lower down into the mountain. We went down this "slide" with the alacrity of school-boys, one after another keeping the pot boiling, and all regulating our movements with great circumspection, for we knew that we had far to go and we could never see more than a few yards before us.

Having gained the ground beneath in safety, our attention was drawn to a fresh water well or spring, sunk in this spot at great cost by order of the archduke, and blessed among miners. Amid all the stone and salt and brine, a gush of pure fresh water at our feet was very welcome to us all. The well was sunk, however, to get water that was necessary for the mining operations. We did not see any of these operations underground, for they are not exhibited; the show-

trip underground is only among the ventilating shafts and galleries. Through the dark openings by which we had passed, we should have found our way (had we been permitted) to the miners. I have seen them working in the Tyrol, and their labors are extremely simple. Some of the rock-salt is quarried in transparent crystals, that undergo only the process of crushing before they are sent into the market as an article of commerce. Very little of this grain salt is seen in England, but on the continent it may be found in some of the first hotels, and on the tables of most families. It is cheaper than the loaf salt, and is known in Germany under the title of *salzkorn*, and in France, as *selle de cuisine*. In order to obtain a finer grained and better salt, it is necessary that the original salt-crystals should be dissolved, and for this purpose parallel galleries are run into the rock, and there is dug in each of them a dyke or cistern. These dykes are then flushed with water, which is allowed to remain in them undisturbed for the space of from five to twelve months, according to the richness of the soil; and, being then thoroughly saturated with the salt that it has taken up, the brine is drawn off through wooden pipes from Hallein over hill and dale into the evaporating pans.

We had traversed the last level, and had reached what is generally called the end of the salt-mine; but we were still a long way distant from the pure air and the sunshine. We had travelled through seven galleries of an aggregate length of nearly two miles: we had floated across an earthy piece of water; had followed one another down six slides, and had penetrated to the depth of twelve hundred feet into the substance of the mountain limestone, gypsum, and marl. Having done all this, there we were in the very heart of the Dürrenberg, left by our guides, and entrusted to the care of two lank lads with haggard faces. We stood together in a spacious cavern, poorly lighted by our candles: there was a line of tram-rail running through the middle of it and we soon saw the carriage that was to take us out of the mountain emerging from a dark nook in the distance. It was a truck with seats upon it, economically arranged after the fashion of an Irish jaunting car. The two lads were to be our horses, and our way lay through a black hollow in one side of the cavern, into which the tram-rail ran.

We took our seats, instructed to sit perfectly still, and to restrain our legs and arms from any straggling. There was no room to spare in the shaft we were about to traverse. Our car was run on to the tram-line, and the two lads, with a sickly smile, and a broad hint at their expected gratuity, began to pull, and

promised us a rapid journey. In another minute, and we were whirring down an incline with a rush and a rattle, through the subterranean passage tunnelled into solid limestone which runs to the outer edge of the Dürrenberg. The length of this tunnel is considerably more than an English mile.

The reverberation and the want of light were nothing, but we were disagreeably sensible of a cloud of fine stone dust, and knew well that we should come out not only stone deaf, but as white as millers. Clinging to our seats with a cowardly instinct, down we went through a hurricane of sound and dust. At length we were sensible of a diminution in our speed, and the confusion of noises so far ceased, that we could hear the panting of our biped cattle. Then, straight before us, shining in the centre of the pitchy darkness, there was a bright blue star suddenly apparent. One of the poor lads in the whisper of exhaustion, and between his broken pantings for breath, told us that they always know when they have got half way by the blue star, for that is the daylight shining in.

A little necessary rest, and we were off again, the blue star before us growing gradually paler, and expanding and still growing whiter, till with an uncontrollable dash, and a concussion, we are thrown within a few feet of the broad incomparable daylight. With how much contempt of candles did I look up at the noonday sun! The two lads, streaming with perspiration, who had dragged us down the long incline were made happy by the payment we all gladly offered for their services. Then, as we passed out of the mouth of the shaft, by a rude chamber cut out of the rock, we were induced to pause and purchase from a family of miners who reside there a little box of salt crystals, as a memento of our visit. Truly we must have been among the gnomes, for when I had reached the inn I spread the brilliant crystals I had brought home with me on my bedroom window sill, and there they sparkled in the sun and twinkled rainbows, changing and shifting their bright colors as though there were a living imp at work within. But when I got up next morning and looked for my crystals, in the place where each had stood, I found only a little slop of brine. That fact may, I have no doubt, be accounted for by the philosophers; but I prefer to think that it was something wondrous strange, and that I fared marvellously like people of whom I had read in German tales, how they received gifts from the good people who live in the bowels of the earth, and what became of them. I have had my experiences, and I do not choose to be sure whether those tales are altogether founded upon fancy.

## THE LAW ABOUT BETTING ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—Will you allow me to draw the attention of your readers and yourselves to a few evidences that show how careful our law has ever been to discountenance such silly and mischievous wagers as that which Mr. Cobden is making with General Brotherton?

Before quoting a case, I may mention that in the seventh year of Queen Anne's reign, so general do wagers of this kind appear to have become, and the mischief of them so apparent, that an act was passed actually prohibiting them under a penalty.

This act, it appears, only applied to the then existing war, and, after reciting that "Whereas several persons have of late years laid wagers and executed policies for payment of great sums of money upon contingencies relating to the present war, which practice has been found inconvenient to the public," it was enacted that after a certain day in 1709, all wagers relating to the war, and all policies of assurance for payment thereof, should be void, and all persons making such wagers should forfeit double the sum of such wager, one half to the Queen, the other to the prosecutor. This act expired with the war.

Perhaps the best known case in which a gambling agreement of the present kind was held void as contrary to sound public policy is the case of "*Gilbert v. Sykes*." This case is to be found in the 16th volume of *East's Reports*, and bears the following marginal note—"A wager by which the defendant received from the plaintiff 100 guineas on the 31st of May, 1802, in consideration of paying the plaintiff a guinea a day as long as Napoleon Bonaparte (then First Consul of the Republic) should live, which bet arose out of a conversation upon the probability of his coming to a violent death by assassination or otherwise, is void on the grounds of immorality and impolicy."

Lord Ellenborough, in his judgment, comments, on the one hand, on the adverse interest which the loss of an annuity of 365 guineas a year, dependent upon the French ruler's life, might arouse in the mind of a subject of this country to the performance of his duty in case of an invasion by that ruler; and, on the other hand, upon the temptation to encourage so foul a crime as assassination, or, at all events, to countenance the idea of it. And he says, "Is it to be allowed to a subject to say that the moral duties which bind man to man are in no hazard of being neglected when put in competition with individual interest?"

This general objection, sir, I think, may well be applied to the case before us. As I think you said in your article of this morn-

ing, a soldier of high rank in the service has in some measure in his own power means of provocation and opportunities of giving offence, which might be made matters of excuse for that very attempt at an invasion which is the subject of his bet. He has no right to put himself before the public in such a position as to make it possible that the faintest shade of such a suspicion should attach to him; and however upright, highminded, and honorable (as, thank God, we know them to be) our soldiers are, it is not the less public policy and public duty to restrain them from placing themselves wantonly in the way of temptation. It is not to the public advantage that any subject, be he civil or military, should have a large direct pecuniary interest in the invasion of his country being attempted.

There is another case of still closer analogy, in which, although no judgment was given, the majority of the judges were against the validity of the wager. It is that of "*Forster v. Thackeray*," cited in "*Allen v. Hearn*," 1 *Term Reports*. That was "a wager that war would be declared against France within three months. The opinion of the twelve judges was taken on the point whether the wager were void. The Courts of B. R. and C. P. were of opinion that it was, and the Court of Exchequer *contra*. No judgment was given."

Such wagers, then, appear to have been at one time prohibited by a penalty, and if, when occurring after that prohibition was removed, they were not always put a stop to, they were, at least, always questioned, and mostly discouraged.

I am, Sir, yours,  
A BARRISTER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Observer* objects to the title *Reverend* being applied to women. He says:—

"Where is the scriptural or ecclesiastical authority for licensing and ordaining *women* to preach the gospel? I have endeavored to examine the Bible prayerfully on this subject; I can find no authority or warrant for any such order of ministers or bishops; and, as far as I have examined ecclesiastical history, I still remain in the dark. I need more information, before I can fellowship any such order of licentiate, ministers, or bishops. It causes me to feel very unpleasant when I meet with such characters."

The *Observer* adds: "We are not enough in advance of our friend to give him any information. But there is one of the qualifications of the approved bishop, enumerated by Paul, which we do not see how these feminine licentiate are to acquire—viz., that a 'bishop must be the husband of one wife.'" We fear this text was not duly considered by the association that licensed the candidates referred to.—*Ev. Post.*